YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

PARATROOPER IN NEW GUINEA

B-25s Fire 75-mm Guns at Japs on the Marshalls

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T-5 Joe Mello, miner from Chandalar, 125 miles above the Arctic Circle, packs a sourdough valise. Most of the Scouts were trappers, miners or fishermen.

Pfc. Jacob Acachek Stalker, Noatak Eskimo, and Pvt. William R. Harvey of Winnetka, Ill., paddle the canoe they rigged from scraps of an old GI tent.

Sgt. Dale D. Sims of Ashland, Nebr., once worked for Ringling Bros. Circus. This tent in which he lived on Attu and Kiska is a bit different from the big top.

He looks like a movie hero. He is a hero. T-5 Fuller S. Thompson of Anchorage, Alaska, pulled 12 men out of water when boats capsized at Amchitka landing.

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The Alaska Scouts

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKAN DEPARTMENT—You can't bring the war in the Aleutians into a bull session up here without someone mentioning the Alaska Scouts. But that's not hard to explain. They led the way.

Any yardbird in the Aleutian Chain will tell you that on the four biggest amphibious operations of the North Pacific campaign — Adak, Amchitka, Attu and Kiska—it was the Scouts who, in darkness, first paddled ashore from submarines or destroyers or troop transports to stake out landing beaches and locate the enemy.

The Scouts are not supermen and they're not a band of bloodthirsty thugs who eat raw meat. They're especially adapted to their assignment, sure. But that's because most of them are sourdough trappers and miners and fishermen who know how to get around in Alaska and on the Aleutian Chain. Several of them are Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts. A few more are old-line dogfaces with years of service at the Territory's old Chilkoot Barracks. Until shortly before the U. S. went to war, Chilkoot was the only permanent garrison in Alaska. It was really there that the idea for the Alaska Scouts was born.

But the real organization didn't come into existence until Nov. 19, 1941, a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, at the headquarters of what was then the Alaska Defense Command. That morning Col. Lawrence Vincent Castner, ADC intelligence chief, called a corporal and three privates into his office. Norton M. Olshausen of San Francisco, Calif., was the corporal. The privates were James H. Radford, a stringy hillbilly from Tennessee; Donald O. Spaulding of Rexburg, Idaho, and William B. (Sam) Bates of Ogden, Utah, two of them pre-war veterans of Corregidor. Everybody knew everybody else, because when Col. Castner had been a captain several years before, he was their CO down at Chilkoot.

The colonel told them he'd gotten authorization from Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., head man of ADC, to form an Alaska Combat Intelligence Detachment. "I've picked out you four for a starter," he said.

The colonel had also picked out the officer who was to teach the men the meaning of combat intelligence. This was a long-legged major—now lieutenant colonel—with a jaw like an anvil and a military career probably almost as spectacular as he himself made it out in tongue-in-cheek bull sessions. His name was William J. Verbeck.

"I really gave those boys hell," Lt. Col. Verbeck recalls. "Fifteen hours a day. Hardening marches through the snow out in the woods. Sketching and map making. Day after day of shooting every weapon a man can carry over his shoulder or on his back."

When war came, Col. Castner got the nod to expand his Scouts to a platoon of 24 men and one officer. That original platoon was hand-picked from a collection of ruggedly independent characters who probably would have been a pain in the chair-knuckle to the commander of any ordinary outfit. Most of them wanted no part of Army routine. But Col. Castner knew a way to put their woodsmen's wiles and hardy attachment to the outdoors to vital military purpose.

Finding the right officer was not so easy. He finally settled on Lt.—now Capt.—Robert H. Thompson of Moccasin, Mont. In brute strength Thompson was as rough a customer as the men he was to lead, and the colonel was certain he could work with the platoon without snowing under the basic individualism which made them valuable. Today there isn't a man among the Scouts who wouldn't crawl on his stomach to hell with a sack of hand grenades if Capt. Thompson or Lt. Earl C. Acuff suggested it. Lt. Acuff, who hails from Moscow, Idaho, was assigned to the platoon when it was expanded later to 66 men.

By the time the Japs tried their sneak into Dutch Harbor, the Scouts had been split into small detachments and sent out as intelligence reporters to Kodiak, the Pribilofs, the secret bases at Cold Bay and Umnak, and Dutch Har-

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bor itself. From the brow of Ballyhoo Mountain at Dutch Harbor, Spaulding—now a staff sergeant—and his detachment observed the Jap attack on Dutch Harbor. Their reports on the raiding flights and the Japs' tactical maneuvers were called by Col. Castner "cool, impartial, correct and the best" received by ADC Intelligence.

THE Japs' feint at Dutch Harbor was their last advance toward North America. From then on the Yanks were headed west—with the Scouts leading the way. When we made one of the most important decisions of the Aleutian campaign, the decision to take Adak and fortify it as a main base, two Scout detachments, one under Col. Castner and the other under T/Sgt. Woodrow W. (Hank) Farrington, landed on the island from submarines on the nights of Aug. 27 and 28, 1942. Several days later they directed the occupation of Adak by blinker lights from shore with the help of two Navy signalmen and a radioman who volunteered to go with them.

Before the public back home even knew of the Adak occupation, Lt. Col. Verbeck, Capt. Thompson, S/Sgt. Edgar M. Walker of Merced, Calif., and Sgt. Joe Kelly, an ex-miner and trucker from Fairbanks, Alaska, were already scouting the next stepping stone, Amchitka, a 15-minute flight by Zero from Kiska.

Nine Scouts and 30 volunteers from the Infantry went ahead of the main landing forces at Amchitka on Jan. 12, 1943. Under the very nose of the Japs, and in the face of a rising storm that made the undertaking hazardous, the advance party sought out the safest beachhead. Then, as soon as landing operations of the main force were in progress, the Scouts struck out for the northern tip of Amchitka and established an CP from which they could see the shores of Kiska through breaks in the fog. A few days later, when the Japs began daily attacks on Amchitka, Scouts spotted the enemy seaplanes almost as soon as they left their Kiska anchorage.

Seven months later four Scouts, all Alaskans, were the first Yanks to set foot on Kiska. They were Sgt. Clyde Peterson, a Sitka fisherman, and Pvts. Stanley Dayo of Livengood, Chuck O'Leary of Nome, and Billy Buck, a half-Eskimo from the fishing village of King Cove.

But in the months between, the Scouts had their toughest assignment. It began in a veil of fog that made Holtz Bay on Attu a blind passage the morning of May 11. A special reconnaissance group with commando training had been picked to lead the 7th Division onto Attu. The Scouts were picked to lead the recon group.

Capt. Thompson, then still a lieutenant, commanded the biggest detachment of 25, which loaded into two Higgins boats with 10 days' rations, radio equipment, hand grenades, full ammunition belts and extra bandoleers. Each Higgins towed a string of smaller boats, called "plastic whaleboats." A thousand yards from shore the Scouts transferred into these noiseless boats and rowed through the fog toward Red Beach.

At the same time two other Scouts, Cpl. George Bishop of Fairbanks and Cpl. Raymond F. Conrad of Dubois, Wyo., were guiding another patrol ashore at Scarlet Beach. Conrad had transferred into the Alaska Scouts only two weeks before and said: "I'm only along for the experience." He got his experience; later he also got a Silver Star.

On the southern shelf of Attu at Massacre Bay still other patrols of Scouts were stealing onto the narrow strip of beach. One of the first casualties of the battle was Sgt. Clyde Peters of Anchorage, Alaska. Peters was accompanying Col. Edward P. Earle, regimental commander, on a reconnaissance foray high on a ridge when the first shots fired by the Jap defense entrapped them. Col. Earle was killed by mortar fragments. Peters, with 11 bullet wounds, was lugged to the beach by sweating medics, and the Scouts never saw him again. For months Pete was carried on their books as "killed in action" until finally one of the boys got a letter from him, mailed from a hospital in California.

Over on the Holtz Bay side the day after Peters was wounded, the only Scout killed in the Aleutian campaign was shot down. He was Cpl. Willis (Red) Cruden of Talkeetna, Alaska, an old seaman who had been trapping in the interior for several years. "He always said," Cpl. Philip N. Kendrick of Nome recalls, "that if he had his way about it, he'd never venture more than a half-mile from the sea again." He never did. He was cut down on a mossy Attu slope by a sniper's bullet through the heart.

The Scout mixing flapjack flour is S/Sgt. Robert Lee Garr of North Bend, Oreg. In the Army for 10 years, he's spent five of them in Alaska.

Two more Scouts, Cpl. Albert L. Levorson from the Badlands of South Dakota and Pfc. Theron G. Anderson, once a ranger at Mount Rainier National Park, were given the sweet task of guiding 50 infantrymen over saw-toothed Sarana Ridge to wipe out a strong Jap machine-gun emplacement, spotted from aerial photos. They discovered that the Japs were also well fixed with mortars capable of outdistancing anything the Yanks had on hand. The patrol's radio equipment went sour, and the only way they could get word back to the CP was by sending the two Scouts.

By this time the Japs had closed in behind them on the crest of the range. Together Anderson and Levorson skulked their way through snow, down deep ravines slippery with moss and over rocks wet by waterfalls. When the Scouts were within sight of the American lines, the Japs spotted them and opened fire.

The shots roused the Yanks in the valley, and they cut loose at the jagged sky line. Anderson and Levorson were sewed up in the cross-fire for several hours. They finally made the valley in darkness. The next morning artillery and machine-gun bursts kept the Japs above the fog line busy, while Levorson scaled the sheer cheek of the mountain again to tell the infantrymen to hold on and that help was coming.

On the last day of the battle Cpl. Conrad and Cpl. Edward R. Bagby of Medfra, Alaska, were pacing a patrol of Infantry down the rocky slant of Chichagof Ridge toward the beach. They were spread wide, gunning for Jap stragglers not already killed by their own grenades.

"Our job was really finished," Conrad says. "We had already located the enemy's general whereabouts for the Infantry, but Bagby and I went along for the hell of it."

It turned out to be a small-scale massacre.

"We almost stumbled over the first Jap we saw. He was wrapped up in a blanket. When he heard us, he peeked at us from under the blanket, then covered up his head. He wouldn't surrender and he wouldn't fight. We shot at him a couple of times, and after he was mortally wounded he pulled out a grenade and blew himself to pieces. A fragment of the grenade hit one of the infantrymen in the finger.

"A little farther down we dumped some grenades into a stovepipe that was smoking over one of those half-burned huts. Ammunition was stored there. After the explosion it looked like a bomb had hit the place. We didn't stop to count how many Japs had been hiding in there.

"On a low mound within 100 yards of the beach we caught sight of three more Japs and two others diving into a cave. The infantrymen went to work on this bunch. By this time Bagby and I were getting interested, so we pulled ahead to see what next. Through his glasses Bagby spotted a Jap crawling toward a big boulder with a hollow behind it. Bagby pegged away at him five or six times, and we saw the Jap struggle over the ground and finally kill himself with a grenade. I saw one stand up and start running toward the rock, and I shot him.

"Bagby and I held a little conference. We'd been pretty lucky in some tight spots up to then, and we didn't want to stretch our luck too thin. We measured our chances. We didn't figure there could be more than four or five Japs behind that rock, and it would be a hell of a lot of fun to smoke 'em out."

So, yard by yard, Conrad and Bagby began their advance, one sliding forward on his stomach while the other lay in a position to cover him. On the way down the slope they killed four Japs who peeked out to try to take a shot at them.

"We guessed then there must be at least one more," says Conrad, "but it was getting risky. Bagby decided to crawl back and bring up some grenades. I played possum until he got back."

For an hour and a half they waited for the Infantry patrol to catch up with them. They covered the rock, and every time they decided it was safe to advance, another bullet came zinging past them. When they heard the patrol coming behind them, they prepared to close in.

"I had never thrown a grenade in my life," Conrad admits. "Personally, they scare the wadding out of me, but I hated to admit to Bagby I was a coward. So I let one go. I even held it a few seconds after pulling the pin so it would explode just right. It cleared the rock by six inches."

In a few seconds a Jap came running out with his clothes on fire. He had been lying in plain sight near the end of the rock and Conrad and Bagby thought he was dead, but the grenade set dry grass afire around him and finally set his clothes ablaze. At that moment the first man in the Infantry patrol crawled into sight. He drew a bead and shot down the burning Jap. Then he made the mistake the two Scouts had been making. He thought that was the last of the Japs. He crept to the mouth of the hollow behind the rock and looked in. A Jap bullet killed him.

Conrad and Bagby continued to inch forward, and Jap rifles kept poking up over the edge to fire on them. By the time the patrol finally arrived in force, they were close enough to see into the hollow. There were still four live Japs, but Conrad and Bagby left them for the patrol to exterminate. The two Scouts had disposed of eight Japs in the 90-minute point-blank duel. They were awarded the Silver Star.

BETWEEN missions the Scouts as an organization like nothing better than hitting the sack, except hiking off into the hills for some fishing or shooting. It took a year before they moved into a barracks building at their home station, and then it was only because their winterized tents had been dismantled during their absence.

On the march they eat better than anyone in the Aleutians. They lug along their own side meat for frying-grease and use a hip-pocket stove to cook up sourdough flapjacks and hamburgers from dehydrated beef. They carry all this in addition to ordered field equipment.

On Attu they advanced unerringly on a warehouse containing a hundred cases of *sake*, the potent Jap rice wine. At Kiska they unearthed a cache of *Suntory* whisky, and when that was gone, they brought out a supply of Jap bamboo gin from somewhere.

The biggest difference between the Scouts and other dogfaces is their sacktime conversation. Once in a while they work around to women, but only when they weary of their favorite topic —winding snares to trap blue fox.

The ranking NCO of the outfit, T/Sgt. Farrington, probably has more military service in Alaska than any enlisted man in the Territory except veteran members of the Alaska Communications System, who are practically Alaska pioneers. Farrington has 13 years in the Army, 10 of them in Alaska.

All the Scouts resent the nickname "Castner's Cutthroats," which someone pinned on them more than a year ago. They insist they're just a bunch of peaceable guys who like to be left alone and that not one of them, probably not even Lt. Col. Verbeck, has ever cut anybody's throat. But if they happen to bump into the prune-picker who first dreamed up that colorful catchphrase, it might be another story.

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How do you like American soldiers?

YANK'S inquisitive photographer Sgt. George Aarons asked the question of five Italian girls. Here are their answers.

MARIA TROYSE, 19, answered: "Some too fresh, others not so bad. Bad ones are bad because they pester girls too much but all of them look pretty good to a girl like me."

YOLE SPERRA, 16, minced no words. "They are the most wonderful boys I ever see," she said. "I love 'em all, but one in particular I love the most. I'm going to marry him."

LILI CROVATO, 18, said: "Mama mia, they are excellent soldiers but they do guzzle cognac! Papa smells their breath and only lets me go out with the ones who are sober."

DIANA BRESSY, 22, declared she "liked Americanos very, very much because they do not act superior. One boy will send me ticket to America after the war. I think I marry him."

MARIA GEMITA, 19, said: "Americano okey-dokey in every respect. They are lovely and perfect gentlemen. My best boy friend has promised me jeep for after the war."

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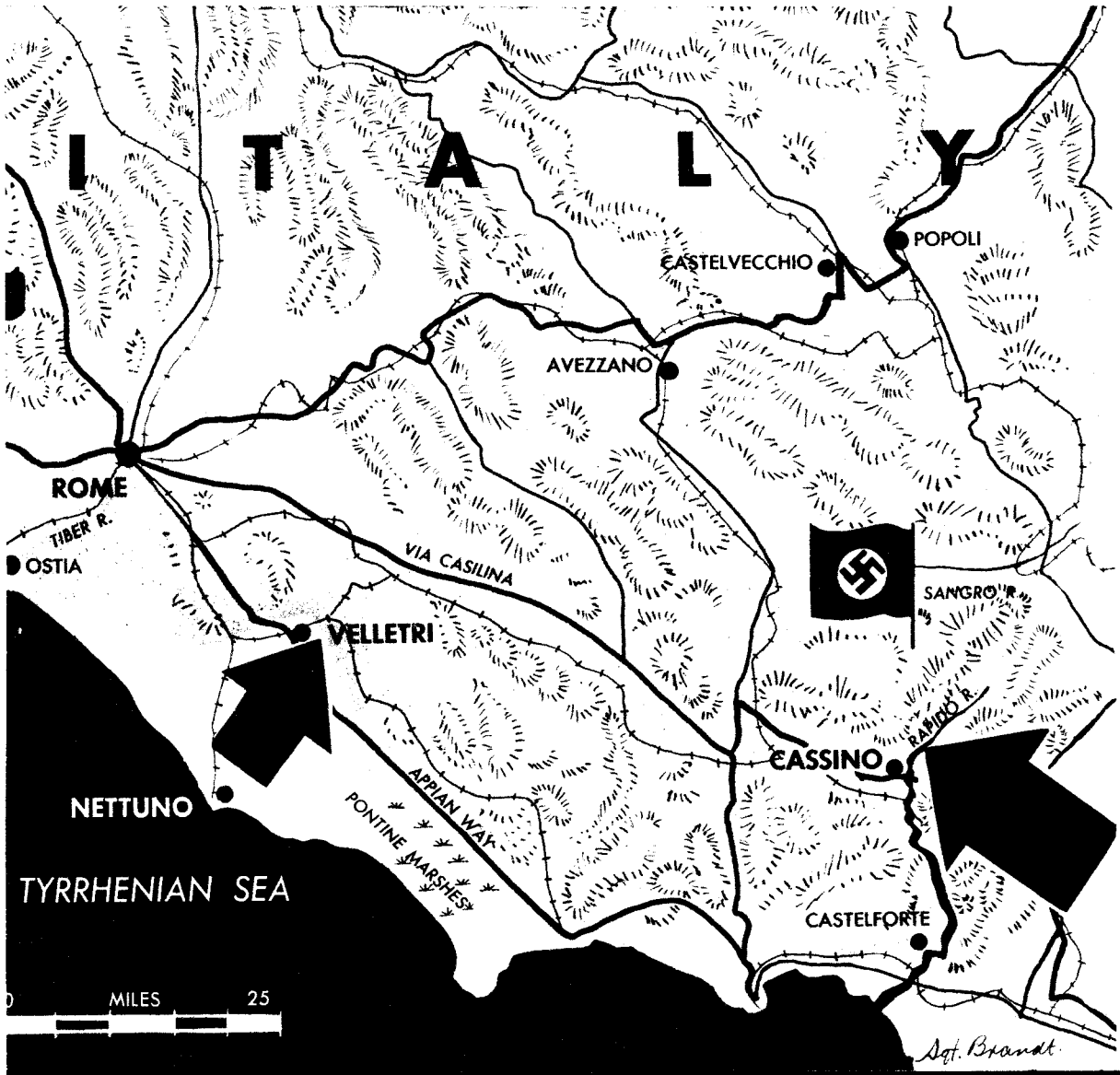

This map shows how the Allies pulled their flanking seaborne attack in Italy, with a surprise landing at Nettuno while the main-line force struck at Cassino.

The Old One-Two Punch in Italy

While the Rangers threw a left hook around the German flank and staged a surprise landing south of Rome . . .

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH ALLIED INVASION FORCES SOUTH OF ROME [By Radio]—It is now 0720. Just five hours ago, I was sweating out this invasion in the first landing boat of the first wave with the Rangers, the tough, commando-trained and experienced outfit that spearheaded the attack on this vital coast town.

We disembarked before midnight from a proud British ship, a former English Channel ferry that has seen them all—Lofoten, Dunkerque, Dieppe, Africa, Sicily, Salerno. As planned, we lay off shore in British invasion barges waiting for H-hour.

We had been briefed on the town until, as Pfc. Henry J. Corven of Ridgewood, N. J., put it, "I could pick out the home of the town bootlegger."

It was perfect invasion weather, neither too bright nor too dark, with a calm sea glistening in the silver moonlight. Cramped in the only available space in the rear of the barge, I listened to the Rangers.

"Did you ever hear of Zip Koons?" asked Lt. Tom Magee of Springfield, Ill. "He was the Ranger who got credit for killing 66 Germans at Dieppe. He went wrong—he's a lieutenant now, you know. We had a lot of fun with him in Sicily when he was my first sergeant. *Superman* magazine made him the Superman of the Month, so the fellows went around shouting: 'Let me be Koons today. You were Koons yesterday. After all, it's my gun'."

"I wish to hell we would get going," came a voice from the darkness, expressing the awful nervous impatience all of us felt.

"Koons told me to watch out on my third, seventh and thirteenth invasions," said Sgt. Samuel Cooperstein of Malden, Mass., who got the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Sicily and was twice awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered elsewhere. "This is my third."

"What worries me is those 300 yards of shallow water we have to wade through," said another voice through the darkness. "Funny thing about beaches. The boat pulls in until it can't move any more, and then you step out and it is only one foot deep. Then you move farther in and—plop—you're over your head. I hit that kind of a false beach in Sicily. Damn near drowned and took my radio equipment with me."

"My feet are cold," complained Pfc. Edward Daley of New York City. "I'm going to take my time when I hit the beach," he said, dryly. "I'm going to sit down and change into dry socks. I may even shave."

It was now 0150. H-hour was 0200. All was quiet except for the lapping of water against the barge. There was still no air interception or sign of the enemy. It seemed too good to be true.

Then at 0151 came the ear-splitting wave of sound we were waiting for. The briefing officers had told us that a British ship would fire its guns at the coast at exactly 0151, and we were glad now to have that promise confirmed.

It was suddenly silent and black again as the guns halted and the steel barges crept in at three miles an hour toward the beachhead. I disobeyed SOP and peered over the side to see the beachfront. Typical white marble and stucco Italian buildings loomed up on the terraced hillside behind the beach.

We knew roughly what we were getting into. The beach, we had been told, was probably mined. Behind it was a barrier of "three to seven feet," a sea wall with barbed wire on top. There were also several gun positions, but these were believed to be unoccupied.

Oddly enough, another version said that seven batteries of artillery had recently been moved into the vicinity. We were all thinking of Salerno, and we thanked God for the relatively flat land, which didn't make the beach easy to defend.

The barge pulled up by the sand at the proper place and the proper minute. Almost the last man out of the boat, because of my position in the rear, I followed gingerly while a score of others in squad column slosked through several hundred yards of knee-deep water toward shore. I had one hand on my helmet, ready to dig for quick cover if machine guns or artillery opened up. The others ran up that beach so fast I was almost alone. But, even though sidestepping driftwood that might be mines, I soon caught up and passed some of the rest.

Fortunately the sea wall was only three feet and the barbed wire was easily cut. I crossed the main highway, nicknamed "Hitler Road" in the briefing and joined a squad searching one of the large, resort-type homes.

Except for less than a score of German soldiers who were quickly sent to their unhappy hunting ground by the trigger-quick Rangers, our immediate front had been hastily deserted.

Jerry had been taken completely by surprise. There was only a handful of Ranger casualties in establishing the beachhead. Careful planning, favorable weather and split-second coordination had made this a model of combined operations.

Writing this story, I have dived dozens of times for shelter from Jerry bombers hitting the beaches, but our Air Force is also much in evidence. Outside is a sign pointing to Rome.

the tired doughboys in the mountains north of Naples went back up to the lines and smashed a right to the body.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa *Stars & Stripes* Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—They call it "Million Dollar Hill" because of the terrific artillery barrage that was poured onto it. They also call it "Mr. Five by Five" because this mountain mass is five miles long and five miles wide.

A battalion of the 36th Division was detailed for the mop-up job. Company A jumped off first, several hours ahead of the others.

"What we did doesn't sound like much," said Capt. James L. Minor, the 25-year-old CO of Company A, who was a law student at the University of Texas "about a million years ago."

"We were up there for 11 days, and we hiked about 15 miles," the captain said.

"I don't think it was even in the communique," he added thoughtfully. "But then the communique won't tell you a lot of things.

"It won't tell you about my 150 men breaking their own trail through heavy underbrush, slipping and falling on slick rocks, crawling on hands and knees in thick sticky mud, climbing cliffs that cut straight up and ravines that cut

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straight down. And all the time our feet were frostbitten and swollen, our clothes were ringing wet from the rain, and shells and bullets were landing too damn close all around us."

The mop-up job called for the clearing of the sector from a ridge called "Prisoners' Knob" (because so many Germans were captured there) to a place called "Graveyard Hill" (because so many Germans were buried there). This included an area of less than two miles; the job took more than four hours.

Company A scrambled up the hill slowly, two platoons abreast, well spread out so that the German snipers and machine guns wouldn't have too good a target. There was a pouring rain, the radio was dead and the men couldn't see five yards in front of them. After a careful combing, with several short skirmishes, they reached the hilltop. Then they swerved around in a sharp arc and started down the slope.

"The fog lifted a little just about then," said the captain. "I guess the German OPs on the nearby heights were waiting for us. There was a clear stretch of ground halfway down the slope, and as soon as our advance scouts started passing through it, the Germans opened up with everything they had—small mortars, six-rocket Screaming Mimis and then their big babies, the 170s and 210s."

The captain unconsciously clenched and unclenched his hands, then stared for a minute or two at his still muddy shoes before continuing.

"All of us flattened out," he said, "hunting for cover where there was no cover. And you can't dig foxholes in solid rock."

Pvt. William Quatman of Teutopolis, Ill., and Pfc. Coy Rankin of Rising Star, Tex., members of a machine-gun crew, set up a position by piling a wall of big boulders all around them. A little later a 170-mm shell exploded close by, lifting the two GIs up in the air and dropping them six feet, unhurt except for a ripped raincoat and a few powder burns on their faces.

"We were just kinda surprised," said Rankin.

S/Sgt. Robert E. Swart of Blanket, Tex., was also surprised. A shell knocked out a soldier carrying one part of a mortar, so Swart picked up the mortar piece and, cursing its heaviness, carried it along with his other equipment. A few minutes later another shell landed in the area. The shrapnel tore the pack off Swart's back, cut his dog tags and heavily pockmarked the mortar piece on his shoulder.

The company stayed in that sector for four days, waiting for further orders. Day and night the shells came and the rains came and there was nothing they could do about it.

To quench their thirst, the patient soldiers held their canteens under slanting rocks so that water could drip in; it took about two hours to fill a canteen that way. The impatient ones scooped water out of nearby mudholes.

As for food, there wasn't any. Each soldier started out with five bars of hard D-ration chocolate. At most, that lasted for six meals.

The supply detail, scheduled to come up that day with more rations and more clothes, never arrived. Some 88s had scored a few direct hits.

Finally, on the fifth day, orders came through and the company back-tracked into a little valley where the entire battalion was regrouping, getting ready to push out in another direction.

Early the next morning, Company A jumped off, again ahead of the other companies. The men were still climbing straight up and down, breaking their own trails, slipping and sliding.

"We spent more time on our fannies than on our feet," said the captain, without laughing.

Once they came across a whole battery of German mortars which had been hit solid by a barrage from our counterbatteries. The mortars were now twisted pieces of metal and the Nazi gun crews were spattered all over the place.

After days and nights of this steady stumbling forward, the company began to have foot trouble—broken ankles, bad cases of frostbite and feet that swelled so much that they broke the shoelaces. Some soldiers had to cut their shoes apart to get them off; others couldn't even fit their feet into overshoes. Those who could still stand limped back by themselves four miles to the nearest medic station. Those who couldn't stand were carried back.

There were two litter squads attached to the company, eight men to a squad. It took eight men to bring back one patient. And on every trip, one of the squad had to stay behind the litter, holding tightly onto a rope so that the litter wouldn't tip when they were taking it downhill.

Pvt. Anton Jockich of Cleveland, Ohio, told how the squads groped their way slowly in the dark, keeping away from the heavily shelled trail, often taking 12 hours to get a patient back.

"And even though we kept away from the trail," said Jockich, "the shells were still dropping around us. I saw one shell knock out the litter squad and its patient right ahead of me. So our litter squad had to work twice as hard."

Eventually the company mopped up its last hill, on the fringe of the mountain mass, five miles from the starting point. Nobody was talking much, just all tired out.

Then three soldiers arrived—S/Sgt. Darrel R. Bolen of Strawn, Tex., the supply sergeant; T-5 Grover T. Graven of Sullivan, Ill., the ordnanceman, and T-5 Charles D. Martin of Carrollton, Ill., the mail orderly. They had hiked all night to get there, loaded down with gloves, shoes, socks, some mail and copies of *Stars & Stripes*.

Not too long after that the captain got up and said: "OK, boys, we're being relieved. Let's go."

Company A got back to its bivouac just before dawn, after six hours of plodding through the pitch blackness. Mess Sgt. Wilfred Newton of Carlsbad, N. Mex., scrounged together some breakfast chow, the first hot meal in 11 days.

"We had hot coffee," said 1st Sgt. Jefferson Adams of Brownwood, Tex., "and hot cereal and butter and jam and cream gravy and bacon. And we had three fat slices of fresh white bread." He said that very slowly, almost reverently. "Can you imagine that? Three slices——"

The field phone rang and the captain answered. His face tightened up a little as he listened. He said "Yes, sir" a few times and then hung up.

"You better forget about that white bread," he said. "We're moving out tomorrow morning."

This Week's Cover

THIS rough, tough and heavily burdened soldier is Pvt. Richard M. Moore of Baltimore, Md., attached to a Parachute Infantry regiment in New Guinea. He is pictured wearing full equipment before boarding a plane. Paratroopers in New Guinea were used with notable success in capturing Lae.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover — Signal Corps. 2 — Sgt. Georg Meyers. 3—Sgt. Vincent A. Wallace, Signal Corps. 4—Sgt. Meyers. 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 7—Signal Corps. 8 & 9—Upper (8), Acme; others, Cpl. Henry B. Krush, Seventh Air Force. 11—AAF. 14—Lower left, Sgt. John Frano; upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 18—Upper left, AAFTC, Miami Beach, Fla.; upper right, T/Sgt. Wallace Weinstein, Big Spring (Tex.) AAF Bombardier School; center right, Signal Corps, Camp Lee, Va.; lower (left to right): Sgt. Schnall; Greenwood (Miss.) AAF; LaJunta (Colo.) AAF. 19—Upper, Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz.; lower, PRO, Camp Crowder, Mo. 20—Ewing Krainin. 21—U. S. Navy. 23—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, Acme.

FIRST AID. In Italy the mule Purple Heart Mary cracked her hoof. Here she is being taken care of by veteran mule skinner Pvt. Clarence Hutchinson of Ava, Mo.

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RAID ON THE MARSHALLS

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SEVENTH AIR FORCE BASE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC [By Cable]—Our Mitchell (B-25) bombers roar down an atoll of the Jap-held Marshall Islands in line abreast, their open bomb-bay doors barely clearing the blue-green water of the lagoon and yellow flame belching from their noses as they send 75-mm shells crashing into their targets.

Like a mile-wide aerial rake, our formation blazes its way across ground installations and anchored ships, each explosive volley leaving a furrow of destruction.

As in earlier raids on the Marshalls by these flying artillerymen of the Seventh Air Force, the Japs are caught with their heads down. They seem unable to devise any defenses against the Mitchells' flashing attack, which opens with 75-mm cannon, continues with .50-caliber nose guns, climaxes with bombs and concludes with a deadly strafing from the waist, tail and top-turret .50s. The entire action takes place at a speed well in excess of 200 mph and at an altitude as close to zero as pilots can fly bombers.

"You're going to have to look quickly to see the target," someone told me as I got ready to fly with the Mitchells over the Marshalls. The advice was good. The easternmost island of Maloelap Atoll passed under the wings of our B-25 within three minutes of the time it first showed as a dark line over the horizon. The planes continued across a lagoon 15 miles wide.

We had been briefed in a rough unpainted mess hall in a coconut grove. Then the flyers had piled into trucks, which took them to the line. Capt. Riley E. Scruggs of Bluefield, W. Va., the squadron operations officer and flight leader of this mission, made a last-minute check-up with the control tower while 1st Lt. Gust J. Yandala of Follansbee, W. Va., navigator and operator of the plane's cannon, sent the crew chief after another shell. The racks were full, but the lieutenant likes to carry an extra round in the breech.

Their noses nodding clumsily and then steadying as the throttles were eased forward, our planes took off. The leading flight circled the base as other bombers joined the formation, swooping in and settling into their assigned positions like birds standing on a stationary perch. Led by the *Coral Princess*, the Mitchells lined out for the long flight to Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.

The crew, veterans of similar trips over the Marshalls, rested in the after section of the plane. Sgt. Joe McDonough, former metal worker from Plainfield, N. J., was asleep, one moccasin-shod foot resting on a waist .50, his head propped against the top turret's pedestal. S/Sgt. Sam H. Sperling of Hollywood, Calif., his headset on, dozed before the radio.

Sam sat erect when a call came through the interphone, shook Joe awake and had him pass the message to the tail gunner, S/Sgt. Floyd M. Hooper of Nashville, Tenn. It was time to man the guns. The Mitchells were passing into fighter range of a Jap base.

Hooper crawled into the tail. Joe swung into the saddle and tested the turret. Sam changed the waist gun from "safe" to "fire." Before Sam sat down again, he looked forward across the bomb bay and waved a "Roger" signal to the navigator, his thumb and first finger forming a circle. Between the bomb bay and the top of the fuselage there was just room for a man to crawl through.

At the other end, Lt. Yandala—who was promoted to captain the following day—was bending over the breech of the 75. He looked at his black-faced watch and stepped up into the nose of the plane. This was the waiting period before the destination comes into sight, when every navigator sweats it out. The scattered atolls of this theater offer almost no opportunity for check points or landfalls until the objective is reached and none at all if it is missed. The navigator leaned on the pilot's and co-pilot's seats, peering ahead for a first glimpse of Maloelap.

Under the pilot's seat lay a rust-colored cocker spaniel, Pistolhead, whose name the crew members sometimes contract to two syllables when he misbehaves. The dog seemed to be asleep, but occasionally he would open his eye for a check-up on his master, Maj. S. T. (Ted) Willis of Fort Worth, Tex., group operations officer and co-pilot of the *Coral Princess* for this mission.

Trailing away on both sides, other planes followed in flights of Vs, slightly below the *Princess*.

Maj. Willis prodded the pilot and pointed ahead and to the left, where a small dark bulge broke the even curve of the horizon. The navigator smiled for the first time since the take-off, flicked a switch behind the co-pilot and stepped down into his compartment. "Don't bump into the switch," he shouted. "If you change the setting, the bombs won't drop."

The *Coral Princess* dipped her wings and the other planes moved into line abreast, their bomb-bay doors opening. Throttles were pushed forward, the needle of the air-speed indicator rising and then steadying as attack speed was reached.

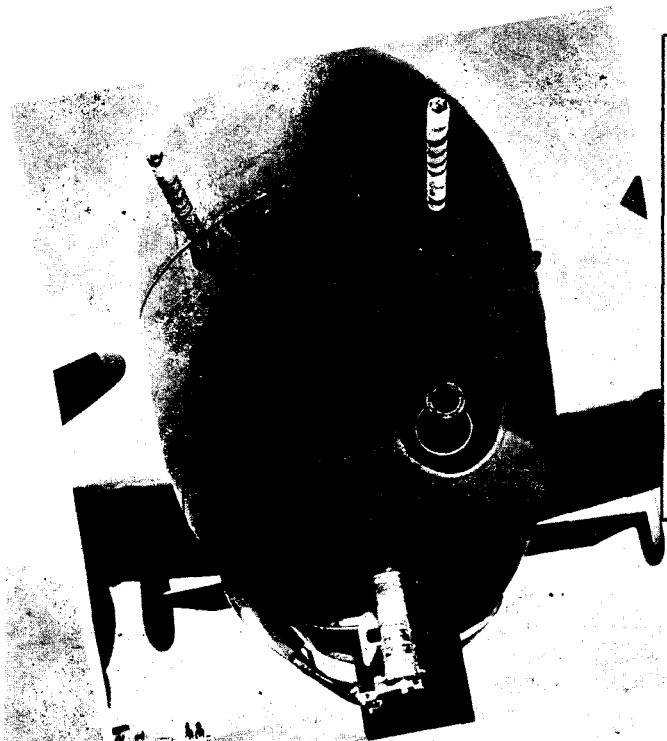
Our formation crossed the northern end of the atoll and swung right down the chain of islands leading to Taroa. No ships were sighted, but the planes whose line of flight lay over the islands blasted away with all guns. Occasionally a bomb was dropped, and smoke began to seep through the coconut groves behind the flight.

To the right of the lead plane a 75 shell hit the top of a coconut tree. There was a burst of flame and the trunk stood as bare as a telephone pole while palm fronds fluttered to the ground.

"No ships, damn it!" someone shouted as the pilot pulled the stick back to clear the islet by a few feet. The additional altitude then revealed two 125-foot ships at the south shore of the islet, which started pouring out streams of bullets.

The *Coral Princess* shuddered with the recoil of her 75, and empty shells piled up at the navigator's feet as he slammed shell after shell into the breech, smoothly avoiding the recoil as he reached for the next round. Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb as the plane crossed the target and the tail gunner reported that "it blew the damned ship clean out of the water."

Planes of the right wing blossomed flame as their cannon destroyed other small craft in the lagoon. When no more surface vessels remained, the formation swung left and headed back for the



Cpl. Larry McManus of YANK is the first correspondent to fly over the Marshall Islands on a combat mission and one of the first to describe how Mitchell bombers use 75-mm cannon against the enemy.

A 15-pound projectile is fired from the cannon in the nose, which in this model of the B-25 is metal instead of plexiglas. About 15 or 20 rounds can be fired in less than a minute, the navigator loading and the pilot firing by pressing a button. The complete shell (projectile, case and propelling charge) weighs 20 pounds and is 26 inches long. The bombardier's access tunnel, along the left side of the fuselage under the pilot's compartment, houses the cannon, which is usually fired near the end of a long downward glide toward the objective.

A delayed-action bomb exploded and set fire to this Japanese freighter. The blaze eventually sank the ship.

There she blows! . . . in lagoon at Jap-held islands.

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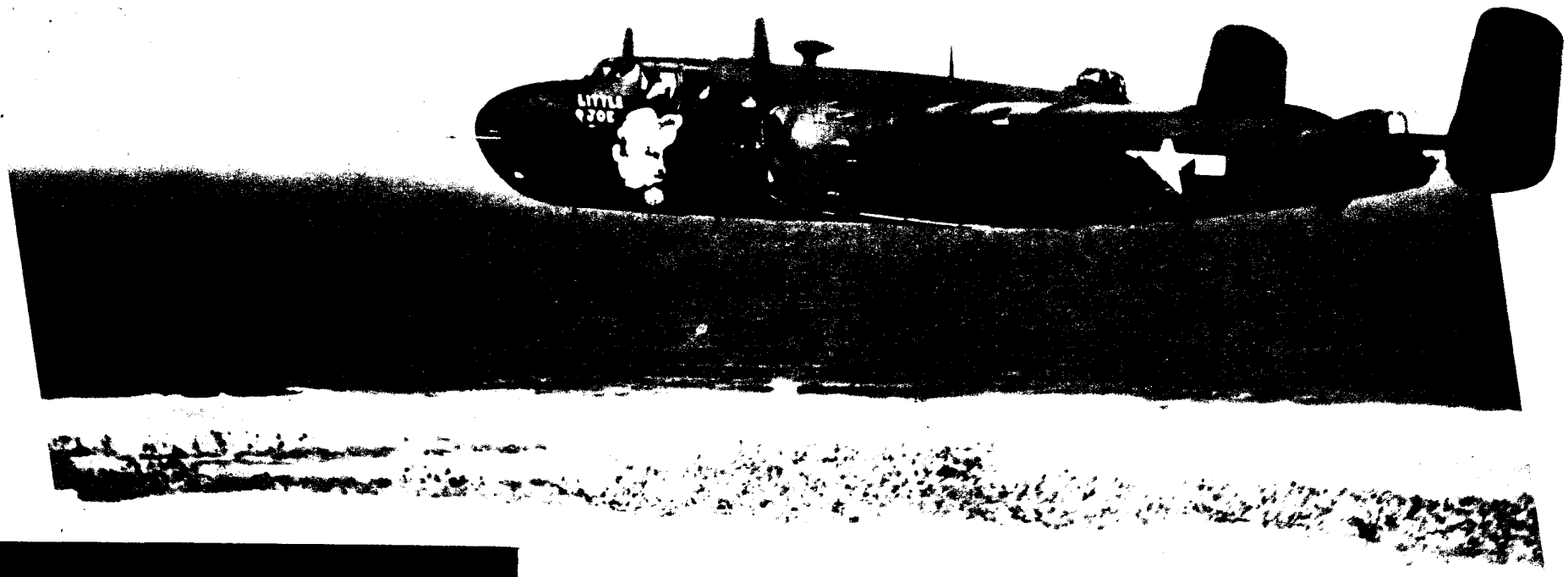


Muzzle of *Little Joe's* 75-mm cannon shows below the .50s in nose of Mitchell bound for the Marshalls.

The first correspondent to fly in an attack on that Jap base tells how his B-25 blasted the enemy with its 75-mm gun.

radio towers marking the Taroa airstrips. Then excited words exploded over the interphones. Anchored in the lagoon off Taroa was a 4,000-ton freighter, a destroyer and several smaller craft.

Capt. Scruggs spun the wheel sharply and headed for the Jap warship, the formation still with him in line abreast. There had been ack-ack earlier during the run down the atoll but nothing like the curtain thrown up now by the freighter and the destroyer. Thousands of tracers curved through the sky, and spouts of water reached up after the attackers as the destroyer's larger guns were trained down at the lagoon to the level of the low-flying planes. Land-based guns from Taroa poured bullets at the planes, with frantic Jap gunners attempting hopeless deflection shots.

The *Coral Princess* leaped ahead, each shot from the cannon covering her windshield with yellow flame. Her two wing planes were also slamming 75s into the targets, while planes farther to the right hit others. On the left, the next flight pounded the freighter and, still farther to the east, the end planes poured destruction over Taroa.

When the Mitchells of the lead flight were still 1,000 yards from the destroyer, the warship's guns ceased their fire. The *Coral Princess* drove ahead, nose down and all forward guns firing. A few yards from the destroyer, Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb, and a split second later the pilot yanked up the plane's left wing and cleared the ship's mast by inches. Jap automatic weapons on a small island south of Taroa sprayed the sky as the flight roared across it and out over the sea.

Just before the formation hit the warship and the freighter, a plane from the right wing, piloted by 1st Lt. George Leggett of Yonkers, N. Y., broke formation and headed for the Taroa airstrips. "I was out of bombs," Lt. Leggett explained later, "and was too far out on the flank to hit any ships. Hell, I couldn't waste ammunition on the lagoon."

Cpl. Henry B. Krush, Seventh Air Force cameraman who was in the Leggett plane and took the pictures with this story, saw seven Zeros taking off as the Mitchell swept over the airstrip. One turned crazily off the runway and plowed through the brush while three headed for Leggett's straggling plane, now a half mile behind the formation. Krush dropped his camera and manned a gun as the Zeros made a pass at the plane, putting a few holes in her left wing before Leggett succeeded in rejoining his formation.

The Jap flyers, like the enemy gunners on the ground, seemed unable to attack the speedy, low-flying Mitchells successfully. The Zeros tailed the formation for 15 minutes, overtaking it in level flight but falling behind when they climbed to get into attacking position.

One Zero swung wide to the right and—silhouetted against the clouds covering the setting sun—passed the formation and began an attack from 1 o'clock. Warning bursts from the American turret and waist guns drove it off, and the Jap headed home after a few weak passes.

Shortly afterward, the gunners left their posts and gathered around the radio table to shout descriptions of the raid back and forth. "We hit that destroyer solid," McDonough grinned. "There were about 30 Japs running around on the far side of the deck and jumping over the side."

"And that freighter," Joe added. "I thought those bombs were duds, they delayed so long. Then—blooey!—there was a hell of an explosion. The last I saw of the freighter, there was just the bow and the stern sticking up."

Our uneventful trip home was made by the light of a full moon. Joe and Floyd were asleep again, and Sam was dozing by his radio once more. In the cockpit, Pistolhead slept, too, happy that the cannon fire was ended. He didn't mind the .50s—he has more than 400 hours of flying time in military planes—but the 75s annoy even an Army dog.

The navigator sweated it out again, and an occasional light in the plane to the left of the *Coral Princess* showed that her navigator, 2d Lt. A. R. Wong, an American-born Chinese officer from Cleveland, was also studying his charts.

Word was passed around to hang onto something when our plane landed, in case the flak had damaged the landing gear. The formation was broken swiftly and the Mitchells set down on their Central Pacific base.

Interrogation and later checking of the claims of each crew revealed the day's score: one 4,000-ton freighter sunk, one destroyer possibly sunk, one 150-foot sloop and several smaller craft sunk, two Zeros damaged and numerous fires started among ground installations. Reconnaissance the following day disclosed that the destroyer was on the bottom of the lagoon.

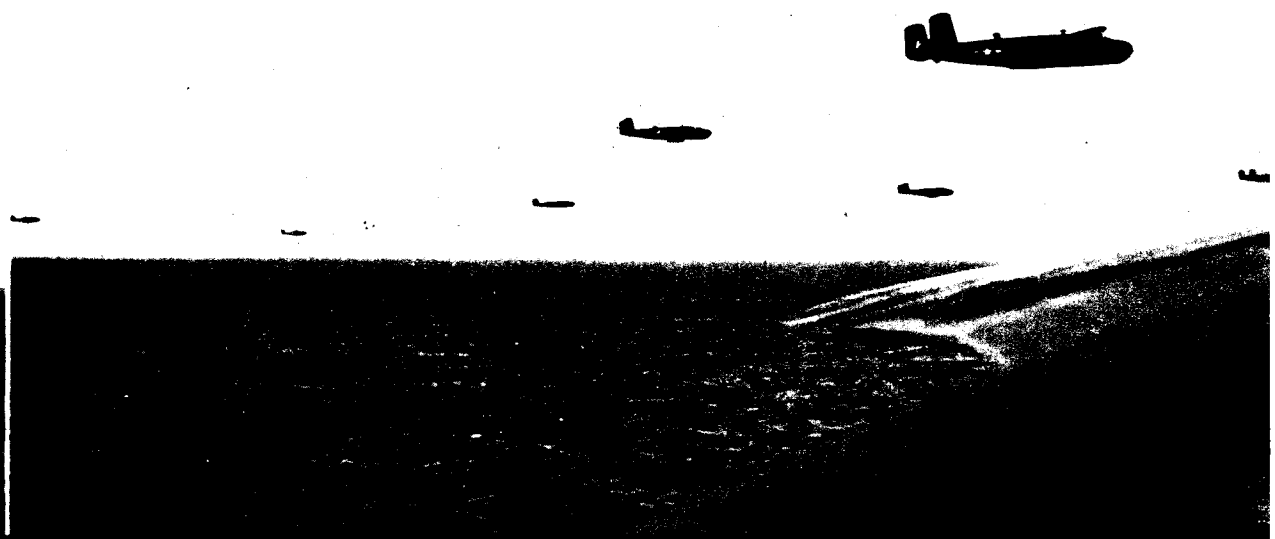
A number of the Mitchells had flak holes, but there was no serious damage to them and no injury to their crews.

We walked back to our tents after the questioning, but the excitement of the day kept conversation going long after we had crawled under the mosquito bars.

"What if those Jap ships do have a lot of guns?" said a sleepy voice in one tent. "With three Mitchells, I'm willing to take on any destroyer or cruiser in the whole Jap fleet."

He'll probably have the chance. The Seventh Air Force will send many more Mitchells over the Marshalls before this particular phase of the Pacific war ends.

This display resulted from a bomb and strafing .50s.



How a formation of Mitchells appeared near Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.

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GI DELIVERY

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON & Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writers

PVT. Artie Gray, an aerial gunnery student of Washington, D.C., was policing up the area at Keesler Field, Miss., one day last summer when the CQ came over to him with a telegram.

Without opening it, Gray knew that the telegram was from his wife. He had been expecting that telegram for more than a week. He took a deep breath, nervously ripped open the yellow envelope, took one look at the message and yelled "Yip-eee!" so loud you could hear him down at the motor pool. Then, without further ceremony, he slumped and fell flat on his face on the company street. Artie Gray was a father.

But no ordinary one. His new son, Artie Jr., was no ordinary child, either. The baby, a strictly GI delivery, was one of the first to be born under the Government's Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program—EMIC—which provides free medical, nursing and hospital care for wives and babies of enlisted men in the four lower grades.

"If I got the bends of fatherhood," Gray explained later, "you gotta remember that I was sweating out a nine-month stretch of painful uncertainty as to how a new government issue of this sort would work out."

According to his wife, who ought to know, it worked out okay. Mrs. Gray afterward told friends in Riverdale, Md., her home town, that thanks to EMIC's efficient operation she'd apparently had an easier time of it than her yardbird husband.

When Mrs. Gray made her first visit to the doctor in March 1943, EMIC was just begining to get under way on a nation-wide scale. Today more than 163,000 applications for free maternity and infant care for Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard wives have been approved. Every state, except North Dakota, is cooperating in the plan, and in addition the service is available to GI wives in the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

By the end of last year Congress had made a series of appropriations totaling almost $25,000,000 for the exclusive use of EMIC. This money goes to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington. The bureau works through the various state health agencies, which, in turn, work through county and local health offices. When the standards of care that the soldier's wife and child will receive have been agreed upon by the Federal and State agencies, the money is made available to the state.

The state health agency pays both the doctor and the hospital. The doctor receives from $35 to $50 for each maternity case. This includes the visits the wife makes to the doctor while she is pregnant, the delivery and her care after the baby is born. The hospital is paid at the cost of ward care. The GI or his wife is not allowed to add any amount to this sum for special services, or to obtain a private or semi-private room.

Slight differences among the various state and local health set-ups and the fact that the plan is widely decentralized make it difficult to find out exactly how well EMIC is operating in all sections of the country. However, the Children's Bureau assured YANK recently that after a few months of necessary trial and error, the program is now going at full tilt with a minimum of hitches. Despite certain minor differences, the basic policies of EMIC in the individual states—don't forget, we're omitting North Dakota—are fairly uniform. North Dakota as yet hasn't submitted a plan acceptable to the Children's Bureau.

Here's how the Children's Bureau says EMIC should work in your case in the event your wife is or becomes pregnant.

The first thing for your wife to do is to go to the doctor as soon as she suspects she is pregnant, the sooner the better. If the doctor is cooperating with the plan—all state and local health offices should have lists containing the names of doctors and hospitals that are cooperating—he will give her an application blank. If he doesn't have one, she can get it from the American Red Cross, the local hospital, Army Emergency Relief, or from the state or local health agency.

She shouldn't have any trouble getting an application form. But if she does, tell her to keep trying until she has gone to all of the above places. If none is available in her own community, she should write to her state health department requesting one. She then fills out the application. It is very simple. She just writes her name, your name, your grade and your serial number. She doesn't have to sign any papers; she will merely be asked to establish her identity. You don't sign anything, either. If you're around, you can make out the application for her.

She then takes the blank to the doctor. He writes down what services he will give, whether or not he recommends hospital care and if so what specific hospital accommodations will be available to her. Finally, he agrees not to accept any payment from you or your wife.

The doctor then mails the application to the state or local health agency (each state has its own system). Soon after that, the health agency notifies your wife and the doctor whether the application has been approved.

One thing to remember. Living conditions around a few camps in the U.S. are so crowded that everything is Snafu. If you are in one of those camps, you should check the doctor and hospital situation before you let your pregnant wife have her baby in that vicinity.

In most instances, hospital care is provided. In some communities, however, where hospitals are overcrowded, mothers may have to have their babies in private or rest homes, but it will be under carefully supervised conditions. The sooner your wife goes to her doctor the better chance she'll have of making hospital reservations.

A few other points. Don't worry if you jump out of the four lower grades after your applications for EMIC was made. It's your grade at the time of application that counts. Moreover, if you were in the top three grades and had an application authorized before Oct. 1, 1943, you're still all right (see *Cir. 17, 14 Jan. 1944*). Commitments made prior to that date "will be liquidated by the state health agency." Next, it doesn't make any difference how short a time your wife has lived in the state—she's still eligible. Unmarried mothers are entitled to the same care as wives, provided they establish their identity and can prove to the health agency's satisfaction that the expectant father is an EM in the four lower grades. But the proof has to be solid.

YANK submitted some questions to the Children's Bureau in Washington. Here they are, with the official answers:

Q. *What about the men in the top three grades and officers? Can their wives get any help under this set-up?*

A. No; but they may secure assistance in the form of loans or, in certain cases, outright grants from the Army Emergency Relief for maternity and infant care.

Q. *Does a GI wife have to prove she is in financial need in order to be eligible for EMIC?*

A. No. The bureau says this is a service that "the nation is giving to families that are giving so much to the nation."

Q. *Are two separate applications required for maternity and infant care?*

A. Yes.

Q. *Can a person who has already run up some doctor's bills have those bills paid for when making application for care?*

A. No; but when emergencies occur doctors may give care and make application immediately afterward.

Q. *Who decides whether delivery shall be made at home or at a hospital?*

A. The clinic or doctor recommends after consultation with the expectant mother. But whether the care is given at home or at a hospital, the state health agency is responsible for seeing that services meet Children's Bureau standards.

Q. *What if, during her pregnancy, an expectant mother suffers an injury or develops a disease unrelated to her pregnancy; is she entitled to treatment under EMIC?*

A. Yes.

Q. *If an expectant mother is not getting the care she thinks she should have, what should she do?*

A. First she should talk over her problems with the clinic or her doctor. If she is still dissatisfied, she should tell or write her problems to the state or local health agency which approved her application.

Here's some good news for expectant fathers below the first three grades. The Army will pay for the new baby.

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Torpedoes? Whales? Unescorted Vessel Meets a Mysterious Enemy at Sea

By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Our ship was an unescorted freighter that plowed along with nothing but prayers and a set of well-oiled guns as its cross-ocean protection. When we went to bed on the night of the mystery, we were already jittery. That morning there had been six general alarms, sounded as planes appeared inside our little circle of cobalt-blue water far at sea. Each time we had donned life jackets and prepared to abandon ship.

One plane, a big black bomber, circled our ship lazily and then came down the alley at us from a point a quarter-mile astern. As it neared us, our rear guns suddenly opened up with an ugly stutter like that of a pneumatic drill on a city's pavements. Tracers drew swift curves of light beneath the oncoming plane.

We stared up as the great wings embraced the ship. We looked for the black specks that would send us plunging to the deck for cover next to the forecastle. But the bomber passed over. It was just a friendly plane that had been a little careless and forgot that ships at sea don't like to have anything but the sun, stars and clouds pass above.

That night was particularly black, the crescent moon shrouded by thick clouds. We were glad, because the Navy gun crew and the GIs who had volunteered to help the armed guard were on special look-out for a submarine believed to be lurking in the area. As midnight approached, most GIs were asleep in two "dog houses"—wooden sheds with triple-decker bunks set up on deck.

In the fo'c's'le, the burly red-faced bos'n, Chris Dolloff, who claims to have worked 100 ships in his 30 years at sea, was just taking off his pants. Fred (Whitey) Lefor S1c, machine-gun loader from Dickinson, N. Dak., had a different idea. "I'm going to leave my pants on. I think we're going to have a general alarm tonight," he told gunner Lawrence Krueger S1c of Norfolk, Nebr.

Lefor had barely spoken when the crash came. It was almost as if a car had run into us at 50 mph, except there was no sound of breaking glass.

"This is it!" the third mate, Jerome Piland, exclaimed to the helmsman on the flying bridge. "Hard left!" Able-bodied seaman Phil Weed, former San Jose College student, spun the wheel, and the ship began the frantic zigzagging used to escape a submarine attack.

The bos'n pulled his pants on and snatched up a carton of cigarettes. Torpedoed five times and once adrift for 28 days, he had learned to value his smokes.

On the flying bridge, Clifford Knee S1c of Lodi, Calif., a gunner making his first trip to sea, yelled: "Torpedo on starboard side."

A moment before the crash, as he stood beside his gunpost, Knee had seen a white streak 50 yards out in the dark water, coming toward the ship as straight as a ruled chalk line.

The ship's phone systems crackled with a different report: "Whales!" The report came simultaneously from Ralph Shriver of Gresham, Oreg., and James Geary of Berkeley, Calif., both seamen on look-out duty in the bow.

Shriver thought he saw a dark shape 20 feet long and 6 feet wide, rising and diving in the inky waters, tossing foam into the air at each rise.

"And it bellowed like a cow," Shriver said afterward. "You know when you kill a cow the kind of hissing sound it makes."

"The whole gun turret rattled," said Geary. "I heard the thing gasping for air; we knocked the wind out of it. It was a whale."

Alfred (Tiny) Theisen S1c of St. Cloud, Minn., agreed with Shriver and Geary. He was having coffee in the mess when the first bang came, and raced on deck just as there was a second crash.

Weed at the wheel thought the swooshing sounded like four shells striking the water without exploding, or water rushing into a rammed sub.

From aft, Lefor and Krueger thought they saw a black object go straight out for 200 to 300 yards. "Then it turned aft, and we left it astern."

Up in the ship's radio room, Dean W. (Sparks) Ketchum of Oakland, Calif., was gathering his secret papers and getting ready to send an SOS as soon as the captain ordered. The bumps had sounded like torpedoes to him.

Down in the engine room deep below the water line, the bearded third assistant engineer, Nick Gill, felt the ship heave sideward at each blow.

"Don't get excited, boys," he told his men in a strange voice. "It was only a torpedo. Stand by your stations. We're just sinking slowly."

If the ship had really gone down, Nick's words might have been hailed as a classic of heroism. As it was, they were posted later in the officers' mess, labeled "Famous Last Words."

Nick started closing down the throttle and warming up the reverse engines, ready for bridge orders to halt the ship. Suddenly the vibration of the forward engines stopped.

The whitecaps moved aft more and more slowly. For an instant I watched one whitecap rising and falling in the same spot without realizing this meant the ship had stopped. Then the third bump came. For 20 minutes the ship rolled silently. Then the bridge bells sounded deep in the engine room, and soon the ship was zigzagging on again.

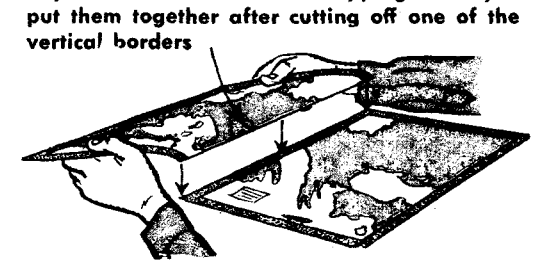
As the all clear sounded, the mess filled with life-jacketed figures. Turkey and tongue sandwiches were brought out and men poured themselves coffee in soup bowls.

C. J. Johanson, who has been a captain for more than 30 of his 50 years at sea, guessed that the mysterious bumps were three torpedoes that passed under the high-riding hull and exploded on the other side, hammering the ship with waterborne concussion. It wasn't a whale, he said. A whale would have showered the bridge with spray; there would have been blood on the hull. And, anyway, the sounds were metal against metal, not the dull crunch of flesh against metal.

Maybe an expert detective-story reader can figure out the explanation; the soldiers, sailors and merchant seamen aboard never did agree.

PIN-UP MAP OF EUROPE

ON the next two pages is the first (western) section of a two-part map of Europe. Next week YANK will print the eastern section. Fit them together and you will have a complete, detailed map of the European war theater. In each half a sufficient area has been duplicated to allow for overlapping when you put them together after cutting off one of the vertical borders



YANK thanks the National Geographic Society—especially its chief cartographer, James Darley—for preparing the maps for publication in this Army Weekly.

AIR PORTRAIT. Flying Fortresses of the Eighth Air Force leave vapor "tracks" behind. The curved trails shooting upward were made by accompanying fighter planes.

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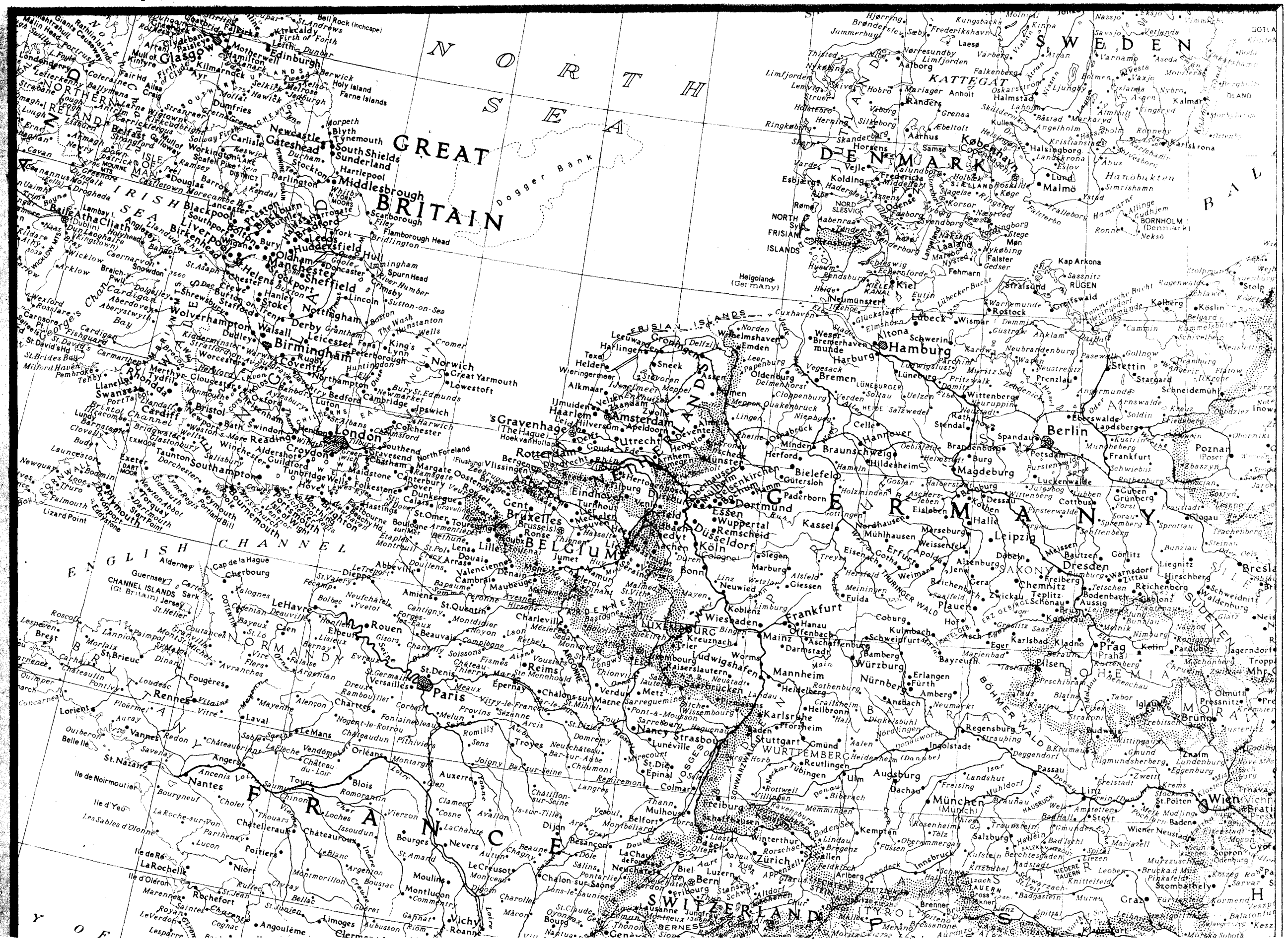

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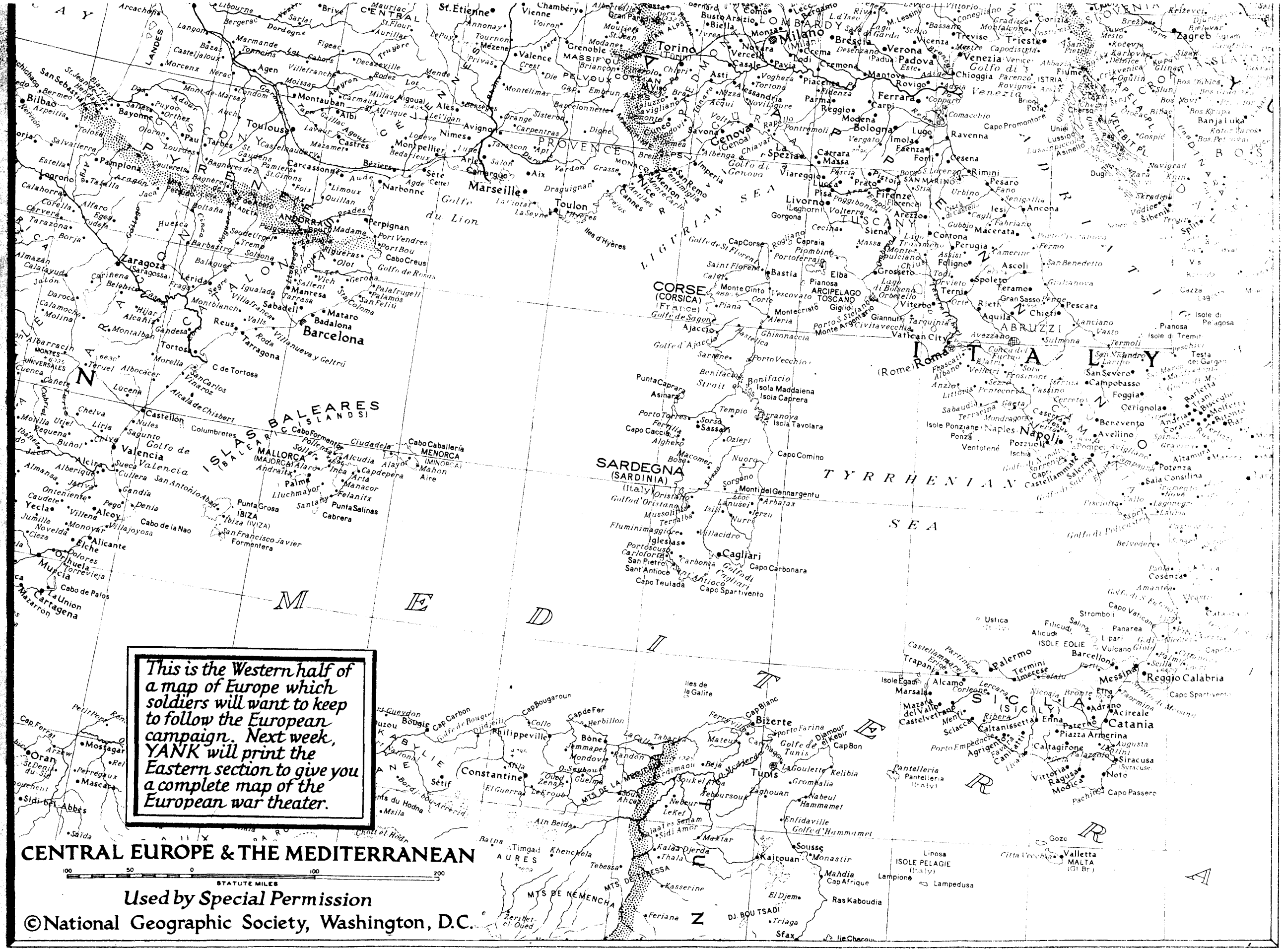
This is the Western half of a map of Europe which soldiers will want to keep to follow the European campaign. Next week, YANK will print the Eastern section to give you a complete map of the European war theater.
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STATUTE MILES
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TYRRHENIAN SEA
LIGURIAN SEA
Golfe du Lion
Golfe de Genoa
Golfe de Sagone
Golfe d'Ajaccio
Golfe d'Oristano
Golfe de Cagliari
Golfe de Tunis
Golfe d'Hammamet
Golfe de Gabès
Golfe de Palermo
Golfe de Policastro
Golfe de Rosas
Golfe de Valencia
Golfe de Pollença
Golfe de Saint Florent
Golfe de Napoli
Golfe de Taranto
Golfe de Venezia
Golfo di Genova
Golfo di Venezia
Golfo di Napoli
Golfo di Taranto
Golfo di Policastro
Golfo di Palermo
Golfo di Cagliari
Golfo di Oristano
Golfo di Sagone
Golfo di Saint Florent
Golfo di Rosas
Golfo di Valencia
Golfo di Pollença
Golfo di Tunis
Golfo di Hammamet
Golfe de Gabès
Golfe de Palermo
Golfe de Policastro
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Golfe de Cagliari
Golfe de Oristano
Golfe de Saint Florent
Golfe de Sagone
Golfe de Rosas
Golfe de Valencia
Golfe de Pollença
Golfe de Tunis
Golfe de

MAIL CALL

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK

Contributors to *Mail Call* in YANK are doing all GIs a real service by taking a few pot shots at the Legion and VFW. Local surveys have shown that most soldiers recognize that the veterans of the two wars are definitely out of step The Legion did not make a very good impression upon men in foreign service when it missed the boat by refusing to take a stand in the recent fight to enact Federal legislation which would make soldier voting simple and easy. Surely YANK must know that the Army is making every effort to keep the man in uniform better informed by well-organized orientation programs. It must then follow that YANK is not in the dark about the amount of interest that is being shown in the soldier vote. Let's get the record of those men who are or will soon claim to have been our friends. We could stand a little more information of the progress of democracy's fight on the home front.

Newfoundland —Sgt. STANLEY MIKELK

■ YANK queried Warren H. Atherton, national commander of the American Legion, for the Legion's views on the soldier-vote bill when no reference to them could be found in the daily press. Mr. Atherton replied as follows:

In the heat of current discussion the fact is generally overlooked that pending "soldiers' vote" legislation is aimed simply to effectuate and implement a Legion-supported act, passed after endorsement by our national convention of more than two years ago. The act gave all the members of the armed services the right to vote. What remains to be done is the setting up of appropriate machinery to effectuate the purpose of the act. We are for any legislation which will accomplish that end. We have no particular preference as to method so long as the fundamental requirement of universal opportunity to vote is given every qualified member of the armed forces. The exercise of suffrage is as basic a duty of citizenship as bearing arms and should be afforded equal consideration.

Airborne Bonus

Dear YANK:

Pvt. R. E. Buckwick [in *Mail Call* in a January issue of YANK] says the Airborne Infantry is as rugged as the Paratroops. Perhaps. But our outfit spearheads the attack while the glider troops simply come in later, after a position has been softened up considerably. Paratroops are all volunteers, and if Pvt. Buckwick wants to get that $50 which holds so much appeal for him let him transfer as we all did. But I tried seven times before I could transfer, and I don't mind saying that I did not come here just to get a shining pair of boots and $50 bonus.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. ORVILLE DILTS

Garfield and Guns

Dear YANK:

A recent issue of YANK had such a personal interest to me that I decided to take a chance and spill an old crime. Ever since I played Joe Winocki in "Air Force" and fired a .30-caliber machine gun by hand, I've been hounded by "experts"—mostly armchair generals—who've insisted that it couldn't be done. The picture [in YANK] of Sgt. Grover K. Herren, however, shows him handling the gun in the same way. Now I'm convinced it can be done. As a matter of fact, it was a real .30-caliber machine gun that was used in the motion picture, and the entire film was made under the direct supervision of the Army Air Forces. The movies frequently deal in the improbable, but a boner like that would be hard to get through in these days of technical advisers. Nevertheless, some critics used the scene as an excuse to attack Hollywood war pictures. But now I can refer doubters to your publication. Thanks to Sgt. Herren, and thanks to YANK.

Burbank, Calif. —JOHN GARFIELD

■ The picture referred to by actor Garfield is reproduced below. It appeared on the cover of No. 24, Vol. 2, of the U. S. Edition of YANK.

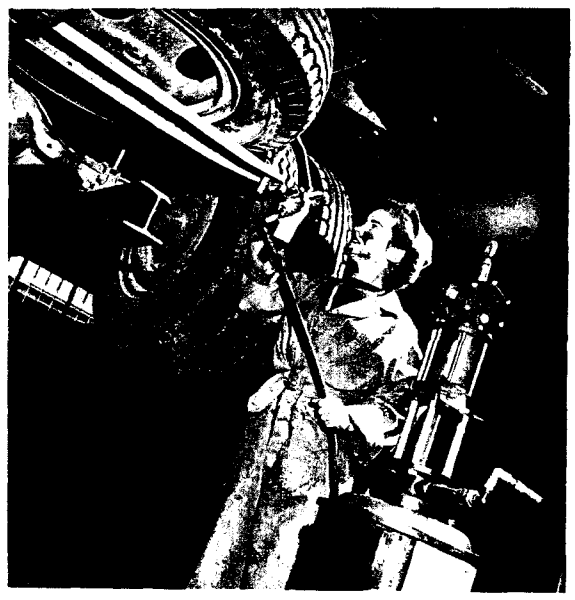
Wacs—Pro and Con

Dear YANK:

When I saw the picture of Pfc. Billy Coira in YANK I vividly recalled how wonderful she was here at Fort Devens, Mass. After working hard all day she would take time to run over to the hospital and pass a few cheery words with the fellows and go on errands to the PX for the patients. Her arrival was always like getting a letter from home, and that is about the highest compliment a GI can pay to anyone. Have you any other pictures of her?

Fort Devens, Mass. —Cpl. DONALD F. O'HAGAN

■ In the photo below, Pfc. Coira is shown on a truck-repair detail at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.



Dear YANK:

Why we GIs over here in the Pacific have to read your tripe and drivel about the Wacs beats me. Who in the hell cares about these dimpled GIs who are supposed to be soldiers? All I have ever heard of them doing is peeling spuds, clerking in the office, driving a truck or tractor or puttering around in a photo lab. Yet all the stories written about our dears tell how overworked they are. I correspond regularly with a close relative of mine who is a Wac, and all she writes about is the dances, picnics, swimming parties and bars she has attended. Are these janes in the Army for the same reasons we are, or just to see how many dates they can get? We would like them a hell of a lot better, and respect them more, if they did their part in some defense plant or at home, where they belong. So please let up on the cock and bull and feminine propaganda. It's sickening to read about some doll who has made the supreme sacrifice of giving up her lace-trimmed undies for ODs.

New Hebrides —Sgt. BOB BOWIE

Dear YANK:

After reading your article about the Wac who was awarded the Soldier's Medal for saving a GI from possible death by fire I must bow my head in shame. I remember how I squawked about the Wacs, and I remember my general disrespect to all members of the feminine branches of service. I guess actually I should put on a dunce cap, and I sincerely apologize to all of them.

Alaska —Pfc. R. H. FANNING Jr.

Dear YANK:

I was disgusted when I opened the pages of a recent YANK and saw some silly female in GI clothes. I detest the Wacs very thoroughly and I hope I never meet one. That is also the opinion of all my buddies.

New Zealand —Pvt. WILLIAM J. ROBINON

Post-War America

Dear YANK:

Maybe the average soldier wants his "old job" back after the war, and maybe he doesn't. Personally, I don't. Of course, I'm prejudiced. Before getting into the Army I wasn't a $200-a-week executive. I was a lousy $16-a-week factory hand. And I think it is a pretty sad commentary if all our country has to offer the returning serviceman is his "old job back" or "another one just as good." My dreams of home and the pre-war days are just as rosy as the next guy's, but I also know that after being back a month or so, most GIs will be just as dissatisfied with their economic and social status as they were before they got into service. Are we only fighting this war so that we can go back to what "used to be"? I say the hell with that noise. We've heard plenty about the Four Freedoms. If any one of them is abused anywhere, by anybody, and that abuse goes unpunished, we'll not only have lost the peace, we'll have lost the war. And every guy who has died will have died in vain. So what's the verdict? The verdict is that we are not satisfied simply to "go back"; we hope we have the guts to "go forward."

AAB, Portland, Oreg. —S/Sgt. PAUL CROPMAN

Dear YANK:

It's true that the GI doesn't want to return home to "exactly what he had before." Essentially the GI still wants the Four Freedoms. In the past, however, he knows he has never been free of want and fear. And so after the war he's going to be opposed to any influences which advocate the dog-eat-dog way of life. The thinking GI doesn't want any of the phony prosperity of the Harding-to-Hoover era, which produced the decade of economic gloom and misery and want for millions of Americans. He's going to be primarily interested in a job with decent wages and working conditions, for the GI in the post-war era will want social security. Moreover, he's going to depend on his government, which is his servant, to see that he gets it. To sum up, he wants more than what he left behind; he wants a square deal. He wants a deal which will eliminate the ill-housed, ill-clothed and the ill-fed. In short, he wants a Century of the Common Man, as our Vice President Henry Wallace so ably expressed it.

Hawaii —Pvt. J. A. GREULICH

Message Center

A. JOHN AALTO of Dyckman St. section, New York, N. Y.: write Sgt. Alfred J. Patino, 40th AB Sq., Gowen Field, Idaho. . . . Lt. L. J. ABELL, once at Fort Reno, Okla., later with 251st QM Sq. (Rmt.): write Pfc. James E. Jackson, Det. Med. Dept., Cantonment Hosp., Fort Sill, Okla. . . . Pvt. THOMAS E. ADKINS, last heard from in N. Africa: write M/Sgt. Elmer E. Adkins, 619th SAW Co., Regional, PO Box 479, Galveston, Tex.

B. LOUIS BEAUREGARD of Fall River, Mass., and Providence, R. I., member of Drama League of Rhode Island: write Cpl. Tony Petrillo, 5th Hq. Det., XIII Corps, Camp Pickett, Va. . . . Pfc. WILLIE A. BERNARD, USMC: write Pvt. Harrison A. Bernard, Hq. & Hq. Sq., Bks. T-1124, AAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . . 2d Lt. ROGER W. BIRKMAN, once in Cl. E, Stu. Off. Sec., Hendricks Field, Fla.: write Pfc. Allan W. Bjorck, 373d AAF Band, AAFPS, 2d Engrs., Marfa, Tex. . . . Members of 265th Ord. Co. (MM), once at FORT BRAGG, N. C.: write T-5 William G. Cronheim, Co. C, 3208 ASTU, Fordham Univ., Bronx, 58, New York, N. Y. . . . EMANUEL (BUTCH) BUCCHERE S1c of Hartford, Conn., once at New Orleans: write Sgt. Louis C. Mascolo, 638th TSS, Boca Raton, Fla.

D. RODNEY DAVIS, radioman, last heard from in S. Pacific: write Thomas C. White Jr. AMM2c, USNR, Navy 10157, FAW-5, Hertford, N. C. . . . Cpl. RALPH C. DAY, once at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex.: write Cpl. Arnold D. Daly, Hq. Btry., 602d AAA Gun Bn., Flushing, N. Y. . . . Pvt. RALPH HOMER DAY of Richeyville, Pa., once at Herbert Smart Airport, Ga.: write M/Sgt. Norton B. Schwartz, Co. D, ASTU, 3871 LSU, Baton Rouge, La. . . . Anyone knowing details of last flight of S/Sgt. ROBERT E. DU LAC, 376th Bomb. Gp., 513th Sq.: write Pfc. Vera J. Adams, WAC Band, No. 2, 6th Regt., 2d WAC TC, Daytona Beach, Fla.

K. Lt. MARTIN KANNER, formerly of the 579th Tech. Sch. Sq., Miami Beach, Fla.: write Lt. Harry Kalmanowitz, Sta. Hosp., Esler Field, La. . . . JOHN KERAKULZSKI of Memphis, Mich., in the AAC: write Pvt. Arthur G. Woloff, 711th TG, ORTC, Sq. 3, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C. . . . ALEXANDER KLINGHOFFER, Panama: write Cpl. W. Finch, 488th Gp., 841st Bomb. Sq., MacDill Field, Fla. . . . Lts. JOSEPH C. KUHLMAN and LEE A. KUNZ, once assigned to Air Force Sec., TFR Pool, Fort Dix, N. J.: write 2d Lt. Ernest R. Blanchard, 650th Bomb Sq. (L), 411th Bomb Gp., Florence, S. C.

M. MARANZANI brothers of Wegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.: write Sgt. John McGee, 2c Crescent Road, Greenbelt, Md. . . . S/Sgt. LUTHER MCCOY, once at Fort Belvoir, Va., later with Engr. Bn., Italy: write S/Sgt. Oscar H. English, Co. C, 371st Inf., Fort Huachuca, Ariz. . . . Cpl. HOWARD MCNUTT, once at Santa Maria AAB, 65th Serv. Gp., 508th Serv. Sq.: write Pfc. Harold S. Kuhn, 96th Depot Supply Sq., McClellan Field, Calif. . . . Pfc. KEN MILLARD, once with 1002 TSS, AAFTTS, Chicago, Ill.: write Pfc. Harvey D. Flickner, 17th ASTP Com. (DS) Sq., 424th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Congaree AAF, S. C.

R. Cpl. RALPH REINERTSEN of Brooklyn, N. Y., once at Stout Field, Ind.: write Sgt. Robert Lopez, 305th FC Sq., AAB, Galveston, Tex. . . . Pvt. WILLIE L. ROSS, once in Sig. Co., AWP, Fort Clayton, C. Z.: write Cpl. J. P. Waldrop, Co. I, 417th Inf., Camp McCoy, Wis. . . . Pvt. EDWARD RYAN of 95th St., S. Chicago, Ill.: write Sgt. P. G. Kompier, Hq., 2d Bn., 53d CA, Camp Bell Haven, Fla.

V. Anyone who knew DAUMONT VALENTINE, who was once in Co. C, 1st Armd. Regt.: write Cpl. Arthur Valentine, 335 Sig. Co., Tr. C Wing, Camp Pinedale, Calif. . . . Cpl. WILLIAM C. VAWTER, once at Robins Field, Ga.: write Cpl. John M. Gardner, 1065 Gd. Sq., Sta. Hosp., Bainbridge, Ga. . . . Pvt. JOHN LINOX VESTER, once with the 94th Regt.: write Pvt. James Carter, Co. A, 679 TD Bn., N. Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Anyone who knew DICK VOGEL, reported missing in action in S. Pacific, Sept. 1943: write Cpl. Elwood Latschar, Hq. Btry., 778th AAA (AW) Bn. (SP), Camp Haan, Calif.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

2d Lt. Irving S. Asch, Hq., TD Sch., Camp Hood, Tex.

Cpl. Ben Gross, 1327th SU, Fort Story, Va.

Pfc. Grant C. Gregory, MP Co. (W), 1550th SU, Fort Knox, Ky.

T/Sgt. Harry H. Smoot, Hq., Staff, RC 1773, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Pfc. Charles Hill, Hq. Btry, 870th FA Bn., Camp Robinson, Ark.

Pvt. Richard M. March, Co. L, 362d Inf., 91st Div., Camp Adair, Oreg.

A mimeographed list of all those wanting to exchange shoulder patches will be sent to soldiers upon request. We haven't enough space to list everyone's name each week.

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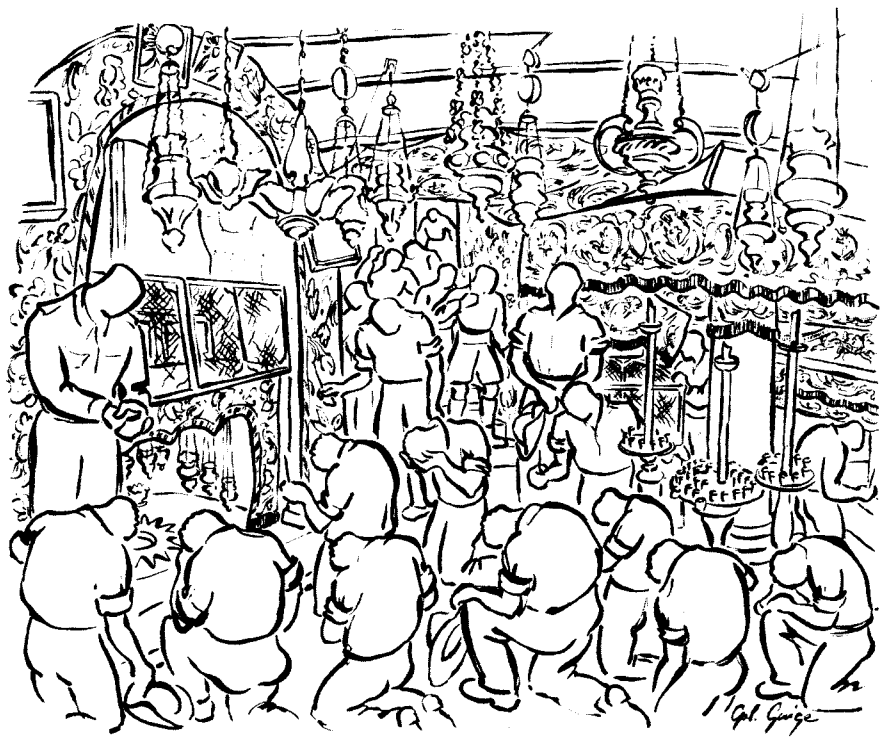
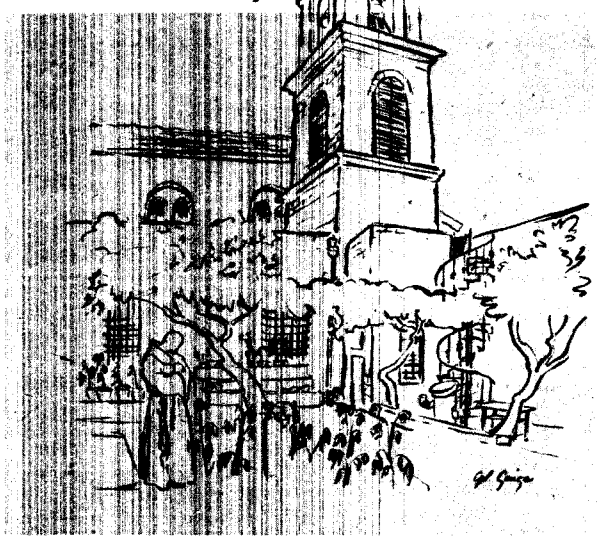
The courtyard of the church of the Nativity is crowded with postcard salesmen who yell at visiting GIs, "Hey, Yankee, wanna buy?" This shrine is said to be the oldest Christian church in use but it has been altered since it was built by Emperor Constantine in 330. The door, called the Eye of the Needle, is tiny. It was designed to keep pagans from driving their horses into the church.

Cpl. Gaige made this sketch of the Grotto of the Nativity when a group of South African, Cape and Bantu Negro British soldiers were visiting the shrine. Their white chaplain spoke from the altar in English and a translator turned his words into Afrikaans. But the African soldiers recited the Lord's Prayer in English. The walls and ceiling of the Grotto are covered with sacred lamps and relig us paintings.





A favorite sightseeing trip for soldiers on pass from the Allied armies in the Middle East is the journey to the small town of Bethlehem where Jesus Christ was born. Cpl. Richard T. Gaige, YANK staff artist, drew these sketches of Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity which stands on the site of the manger.

The Basilica of the Church of the Nativity is built like a citadel over the traditional site of the manger. In the main aisle, a wooden floor protects the remains of the fifth-century mosaics which are shown to sightseeing GIs through trap doors. Greek Orthodox and Armenian sects, as well as Roman Catholics, worship here.

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First Epistle To The Selectees

ACCORDING TO PFC. HAROLD FLEMING OF FORT BRAGG, N. C.

Lo, all ye miserable sinners, entering through the Gate of Induction *into* the Land of Khaki, hearken unto my words; for I *have* dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and *woe*.

2 Verily have I tasted of the bitter Fruit of TS *and* drained the dregs of the Cup of Snafu:

3 Gird up thy loins, my son, and take *up* the olive drab; but act slowly and with exceeding care and hearken first to the counsel of a wiser and sadder man than thou:

4 Beware thou the Sergeant *who* is called First; he hath a pleased and foolish look but he concealeth a serpent in his heart.

5 Avoid *him* when he speaketh low and his lips smileth; he smileth not for thee; his heart rejoiceth at *the* sight of thy youth and thine ignorance.

6 He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shuns the orderly room, but the fool *shall* dwell in the kitchen forever.

7 Unto all things there is a time: there is a time to speak and a time to be silent; be thou like unto stone in the *presence* of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue still when they shall call for volunteers.

8 The wise man searcheth out the easy details, but only a fool sticketh out *his* neck.

9 Look thou with disfavor upon the newly made corporal; he prizeth *much* his stripes and is proud and foolish; he laugheth and joketh much with the older noncoms and looketh *upon* the private with a frown.

10 He would fain go to OCS, but he is not qualified.

11 Know thou that the Sergeant of the Mess is a man of many moods: when *he* looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise KP seeketh him out and praiseth his chow and laugheth much at his jests:

12 But when he moveth with great haste and the sweat standeth *on* his brow *and* he *curseth* under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle and the goldbrick shall know his wrath.

13 The Supply Sergeant is a lazy man *and* worketh not; but he is the keeper of many good things: if thou wouldst wear well-fitting raiment and avoid the statement of charges, *make* him thy friend.

14 He prizeth drunkenness *above* all things.

15 He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him *thy* lucre and thy liquor and he will love thee.

16 Hell hath no fury like a Shavetail scorned: he walketh with a swagger and regardeth the enlisted man with a raised eyebrow; he looketh upon his bars with exceeding pleasure *and* loveth a salute mightily.

17 Act thou lowly unto him and call him sir and he will love thee.

18 Damned *be* he who standeth first in the line of chow and short-stoppeth the dessert and cincheth the coffee.

19 He taketh from the meat dish with a heavy hand and leaveth thee the bony *part*.

20 He is thrice cursed, and all *people*, even unto the pfcs, will revile him and spit upon him: *for* his name is called Chow Hound, and he is an abomination.

21 Know thou the Big Operator, but trust him not: he *worketh* always upon a deal and he speaketh confidentially.

22 He knoweth many women and goeth into town every night; he borroweth all thy money; yea, even *unto* thy ration check.

23 He promiseth to fix thee up, but doth *it* not.

24 Beware thou the Old Man, for he will make *thee* sweat; when he approacheth, look thou on the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior.

25 Keep thou out of his sight and let him not *know* thee by name: for he who arouseth the wrath of the Old Man shall *go* many times unto the chaplain. *Selah.*

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The Torturing and Killing of American Prisoners in the Philippines

THE recent joint Army-Navy revelation of the wholesale torturing, starving and killing of American and Filipino prisoners of war captured by the Japs at Bataan and Corregidor came as a terrible shock to the people back home.

It struck the average civilian in the United States with a deeper and more disturbing impact than any single announcement of war news since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Even the shopgirls and stenographers, who never usually think seriously of the war except in terms of the nylon stockings and mid-week dates it has taken away from them, talked about it over their tunafish sandwiches and malted milks the day that it appeared in the nation's newspapers.

But like the news last April of the execution of the American flyers who were forced down in enemy territory during the Doolittle raid on Tokyo, this announcement of the brutal treatment of Bataan and Corregidor veterans did not shock those of us who have seen the Jap at close range in the Pacific and know from personal experience and observation how much respect he has for the international laws of civilized warfare.

We got over being shocked by such Jap atrocity stories long ago. We have known all along that you can't expect the Japs to treat prisoners of war decently. Why should they? A nation treats its prisoners of war decently only because it wants the enemy to show similar respect to captives. But the Japs don't care what happens to one of their men after he is taken prisoner by us. According to the Jap code, a soldier of the Emperor who allows himself to be captured alive is a traitor and deserves ill treatment. They don't want to see him again. They don't care what we do to him. And therefore they have no reason to respect the rights of any American who falls into their hands.

The indifference and contempt that the Jap feels for the laws governing prisoners of war and other international laws of war does not stop there. He has no regard for any of the important rules of human behavior established by our kind of civilization. He doesn't want to live in the same world with our kind of civilization.

It's about time the people at home and the people in other Allied countries, too, began to realize this. It's about time they got it into their heads that the war in the Pacific is not merely a political war or an economic war. The Jap is not fighting because he wants to control the Oriental trade markets. He would be only too glad to stop now and make a negotiated peace with us in return for a few more islands and a few more ports and some extra territory in Asia, but he would never make such a deal with the intention of laying down his arms forever. The Jap is determined to break our kind of civilization to bits. He is fighting this war to a finish.

The only way to beat an enemy like this is to fight him the same way. We wonder how many of us and how many of our people at home are really determined to break the Japanese kind of civilization, with its natural hatred of everything American, to bits. We wonder how many of us and how many of our people at home are aware of the necessity of fighting this war to a finish.

Those of us in the Pacific who have seen how the Jap despises America and its way of life have no excuse for being satisfied with a half-done job on this war. If the people at home are hit a few more times with shocking reminders of the Jap's opinion of what they stand for, like the announcement of the treatment of the Bataan and Corregidor prisoners, they, too, will have no excuse for settling for anything less than a complete victory.

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PVT. TOUGH TOES. Pvt. Davis Watson, a student at the AAF Guard School, Miami Beach, Fla., can kick a football farther in stockings than with shoes. In a competition he punted the ball 62 and 68 yards.

COMPETITIVE SPIRIT. There's nothing like matchsticks to bring it out. The GI on the right has four aces, which any dog can plainly see, but maybe he's wasting them. Anyway the game's got all the trimmings. They're at the Big Spring (Tex.) Bombardier School.

THE JACKPOT. This soldier has his picture took with four girls and a dog, and isn't that a WAC hat in the rear? It was all part of a show given by Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe-USO group. The dog was a GI gift to the girl who's carrying him; the soldier is Pvt. A. F. Matthews of Camp Lee, Va.

LABOR SAVING. Cpl. J. B. Windley rolls wire on a reel he and Cpl. M. E. Mason built at Pine Camp, N. Y., for the 47th Armored Field Battery. It makes for faster phone connections by replacing hand wire laying.

STRINGING ALONG. Sgt. Carl Mays, cadet mailman at Greenwood (Miss.) AAF, has recorded "the popularity and mail history" of 13 classes by rolling up string from their mail. He has three miles of it.

MASKED BAND. When the 337th Band at La Junta (Colo.) AAF got caught by a gas alert during rehearsal, only the drummer and the 'cellist were in condition to go on with the music.

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Guardhouse Furlough

Camp McCain, Miss.—When MPs asked Pfc. Charles Hedgecock for his furlough papers, he handed them over, secure in the belief that everything was in order.

He was informed, however, that his name did not appear on the furlough order and that he was considered AWOL. Hedgecock protested but was hurried off to the nearest guardhouse where he spent the remainder of his furlough.

When he was returned here, he found that the omission of his name was merely one of those unexplainable errors. Everything turned out all right. He was granted a new furlough.

Blind Landing

Chico Army Air Field, Calif.—Stricken blind suddenly at the controls of a single-place trainer, A/C R. D. Seale, 23, landed his plane successfully under guidance from a radio control tower.

Lt. Col. C. W. Thaxton, who was in the tower when Seale yelled over the radio that he had gone blind, talked calmly to the cadet and gave instructions for every move, even to a sharp bank necessary to ground the plane safely.

Physicians at the Army hospital said that Seale's blindness, which was temporary, might have been induced by hysteria following word that a close relative was missing in action.

Nothing But the Best

Greenwood Army Air Field, Ark.—The 386th AAF Band Sq. has been supplying the music for all the parties in this area for some time. Recently the outfit arranged to have a dance of its own. For music, the band decided that nothing but the best would do. They got it—from a juke box.

The Long Way Home

Camp Claiborne, La.—Getting home on his furlough presented difficulties for T-5 Dick P. Courchaine of the 823d TD Bn. He covered 1,990 miles by train and plane and the remaining 296 miles to his home at Dawson, Canada, by dog sled.

Arriving at Great Slave Lake in Manitoba, Courchaine, a former dog-sled driver, borrowed a sled and six dogs from a cousin. He followed an unmarked trail through heavy snowfall and a temperature of 32 below to make the trip in four days and five nights.

Recuperation Detail

AAFBTC #10, Greensboro, N. C.—The AAF's Convalescent Training Program here found that KP and policing the area have their value in aiding the EM. According to officers of the CTP, these details often double the speed with which injured men are rehabilitated and discharged.

Hot dishwater is beneficial, they found, and dishcloth wringing is a good therapeutic exercise for men recovering from broken wrists. Men with back injuries are exercised by tasks of stooping and bending, such as picking up papers from the floor of their wards.

The program has not been carried to the company street, CTP was quick to explain.

He Believes Now

Camp Haan, Calif.—T-3 Sam Henry of the AAATC Special Orders Department was inclined to scoff at hypnotism. He attended a party recently at which T-5 Theodore Van Antwerp, a former professional magician, entertained

Sure that it was all hokum, Henry offered himself as a subject for one of Van Antwerp's demonstrations. "I'm going to hypnotize your arm so you can't move it," Van Antwerp told him. Henry laughed. Van Antwerp made a few passes and the surprised T-3 suddenly found that he really couldn't move his arm.

Finney General Hospital, Ga.—Patients attending a GI carnival given by the Red Cross swarmed about the penny-pitching game until a Red Cross worker found they were using their own pennies. When the game switched to a free basis, its customers switched to other concessions.

Camp White, Oreg.—Pfc. Charles Rubenstein of the DEML Det., SCU 1913, who has false teeth, chuckled to himself when he reported for a dental survey. But he was the one who got the surprise; the examination revealed a late-coming wisdom tooth hidden beneath the store teeth. It was promptly extracted.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—GIs who knew Sgt. Virgil Eaton as a terror on the drill field were amused to watch him date up a civilian girl in the QM office. He fidgeted, avoided her eyes and kept looking at the floor. The date was finally arranged, however, and the sergeant, pivoting in approved GI fashion, strode off—smack into a wall.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—As a civilian in 1917, Cpl. William Brown was an inspector of Army blankets in a New Jersey woolen mill. When the first World War broke out he enlisted and at Camp Holabird, N. J., drew a blanket carrying his inspection markings. Drafted into the Army last year, he drew the same blanket.

Camp Santa Anita, Calif.—When ratings were frozen, Pfc. Bob Moore, cartoonist for the camp paper *Man o' War*, drew a cartoon of a kneeling GI praying for a promotion. The caption read: "It Can't Happen Here." A week later when he and 300 other GIs were promoted, Moore revised his cartoon, changed the expression on the GI's face and gave him stripes. The new caption: "And the Miracle Came to Pass."

ROLL CALL

The literary flavor of Btry. A, 54th Tng. Bn., at **Camp Roberts, Calif.**, has improved with the addition of Pvt. Alexander Dumas, who takes his place on the roster with Sgt. Alfred Tennyson and Sgt. Tiburcio Cervantes. . . . A recent graduate from the Flexible Gunnery School at **Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex.**, is Jap Record Wilson of Claude, Tex. . . . There are no Wacs in the 145th Bn. at **Camp Stewart, Ga.**, but Btry. B reports two GIs named Dame and Lady. . . . Place names: A/C Adolph Keskes of **Freeman Field, Ind.**, hails from Berlin, N. J. At **Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.**, Pvt. Ellen Burns comes from Moscow, Ohio; Pvt. Josephine Wilks is from Amsterdam, Ohio; Pvt. May Howard calls Paris, Tex., her home town; and Pvts. Frances and Cora Nordin left London, Ark., to join up. Pvt. Curtis C. Johnson of **Moore Field, Tex.**, comes from Tokyo, Ark.

BIG MONEY. M/Sgt. N. I. Beck of Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz., draws a total of $398.20 a month, or $778.40 more a year than the base pay of a full colonel. A 28-year veteran, he has a wife, seven children.

ARMY FAMILY. Lt. Joseph Johnson (left) and ASTP soldier James Johnson visit their mother, WAC Pvt. Mattie Stewart at Camp Crowder, Mo., where she's at code school. They're from Tuscaloosa, Ala.

CAMP NEWS

AROUND THE CAMPS

Patterson Field, Ohio—1st Sgt. Peter E. Murphy ended his 30-year Army career under the same officer who gave him his first promotion. In 1916, three years after his enlistment, Murphy was made a pfc by Lt. Walter H. Frank at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Recently the same officer, now a major general, gave Murphy his HD.

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—S/Sgt. Lloyd W. Bono, supply clerk of the 701st Sq., puts a high polish on his gold front tooth with his blitz cloth every Friday. But for all his effort, he never gets a chance to smile and show off his handiwork to the inspecting officer on Saturdays because, of course, he stands at attention.

What's happening at your camp? Have you got an interesting picture of camp life, or a feature that other GIs would enjoy? Send it on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., and ask that it be sent to YANK, The Army Weekly.

BIG YANK subcriber's CONTEST!

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Do YOU want to double your money? Would YOU like to get 2 bucks for one?

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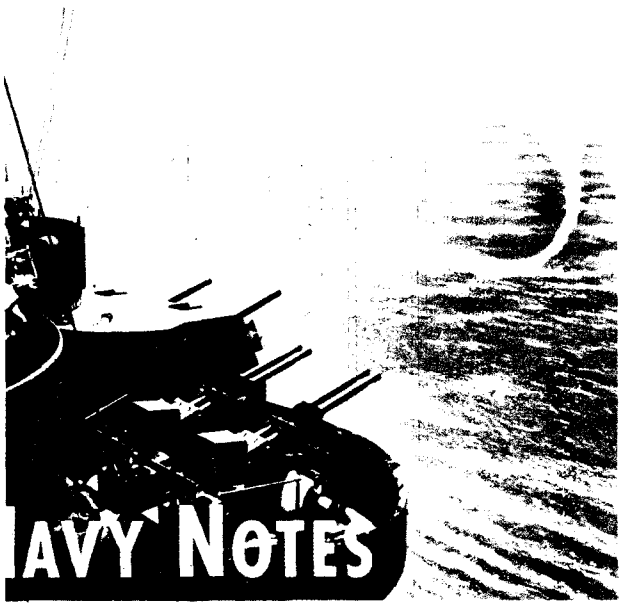


A five-incher on a new light cruiser lets go with a beautiful smoke ring while on her shakedown cruise.

V-MAIL. The Navy has speeded up V-Mail service to the following averages: Alaska in six days; England, eight; Africa, Central Pacific, and Samoa, 12; South and SW Pacific, 14; Australia, New Zealand and New Caledonia, 15 days.

The Navy, incidentally, has made another plea for the use of V-Mail for air-mail correspondence. Regular letters take up too much plane space.

CORRESPONDENCE CREDIT. In order that sailors taking courses through the U. S. Armed Forces Institute may receive proper credit, BuPers has authorized an entry on Page 9 of a man's service record noting the courses he has completed [*Cir. Letter 266-43*]. Men interested in taking these courses should write the USAFI at Madison, Wis.

JAP CHOW. The well-worn story that the average Jap soldier lives on a handful of rice and dried fish has been refuted by the Navy Medical Research Institute. Navy doctors, investigating Jap food left behind at Kiska, concluded that the Japs eat a variety of simple foods. Jap rice and enriched flour are of good quality and are often varied with dried onions, taro root, peas, beef stew, condensed milk, hardtack, even candy.

The doctors noted that the Japs use vitamin pills and concentrates, and that occasionally they add seaweed, containing the important vitamin riboflavin, to their food to make stew. The Japs have to eat dehydrated foods, too, if that makes you feel any better.

DREDGINGS. John Leonard, pharmacist mate, with no previous experience in the field, has delivered seven Samoan babies to native wives. . . The number of women supply officers now exceeds the pre-war strength of the Supply Corps. . . . Leo O'Grady, apprentice seaman, is drawing more money than a lieutenant commander. He has 10 kids and gets $288 a month. . . . An Arab raiding a Navy stockpile in North Africa ate half a stick of dynamite before he found out it wasn't candy. . . . Grumman Aircraft, chief supplier of planes to the Navy, turned out 500 planes in December, more than any other single plant in the country.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

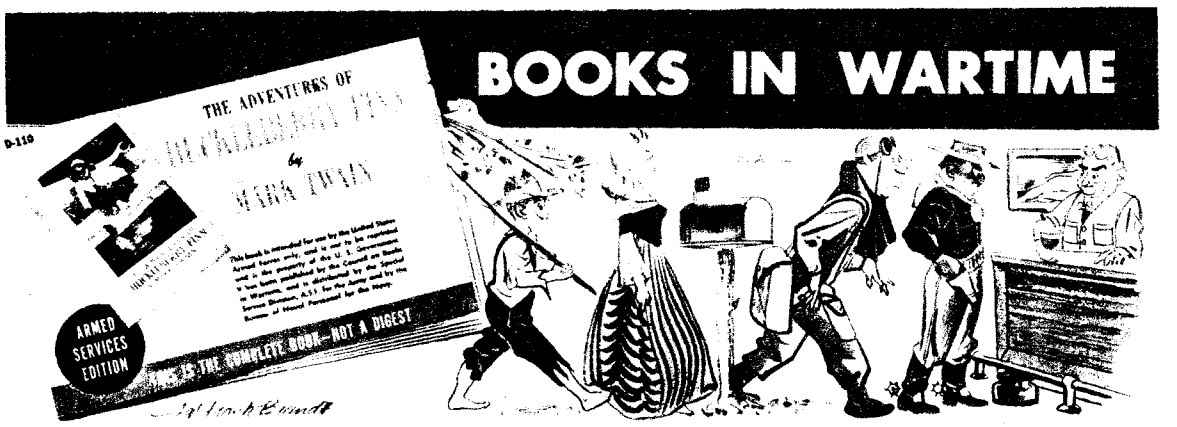
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

BLOCKBUSTER. Doe, dud, due, led, ode, old, red, rod, rue, sod, sol, sue, use, Dole, dour, dude, duel, feud, floe, flue, fold, ford, foul, four, fuse, fuss, less, lode, lord, lore, lose, loud, lure, rode, role, rose, rude, rule, ruse, self, sled, slur, sold, sole, sore, soul, sour, surd, sure. Douse, dress, dross, erode, floss, flour, louse, rouse, souse, udder. Fodder.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS IN U. S. Puzzle Kits go to these first-time winners in the Jan. 7 contest (scores are in parenthesis): T-4 Lawrence Hirsch, Moore Field, Tex.; Sgt. Stephen Jundanian, Eugene, Oreg.; S/Sgt. George Miller, Keesler Field, Miss.; Pfc. Eric W. Nelson, Carlsbad, N. Mex., and Cpl. Carroll V. Zink Jr., Aberdeen, Md. (all tied at 332); Pfc. Olin C. Taylor, Aliceville, Ala. (331), and A/S Lemyrt Knettle, Santa Ana, Calif. (329). The five winners who tied at 332 all submitted solutions that were identical. How they did it is shown here at the left.

ABOUT two months after Chili Williams became a Conover "Cover Girl" and put on the "swimming" suit you see at the left, she was on her way to Hollywood with a Warner Bros. contract in her pocket. But not in the pocket of this suit. As you no doubt have already observed, there was not enough material around to make a pocket.

BOOKS IN WARTIME



LISTED below are the 30 titles which make up the fourth or "D" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound, pocket-size books published by the Council of Books in Wartime for GIs overseas. There are 50,000 copies of each title, and they are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Naval Personnel for the Navy.

D-91 THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL *By James Hilton*
A Navy doctor gets wounded American sailors out of Java in the early days of the Jap invasion.

D-92 LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT *By Charles Spalding and Otis Carney*
Training experiences of a Navy pilot.

D-93 BLAZED TRAIL STORIES *By Stewart E. White*
Exciting tales of the Wild West and the Far North.

D-94 TUMBLING RIVER RANGE *By W. C. Tuttle*
Joe Rich, sheriff of Pinnacle City, gets drunk on his wedding day. Another western.

D-95 COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID *By Barry Fleming*
Dirty politics in a little Southern town.

D-96 WITHOUT ORDERS *By Martha Albrand*
An American louey wakes up in an Italian mental hospital and finds out he's somebody else.

D-97 DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP *By Willa Cather*
Willa Cather's classic novel of the Catholic church against the background of the pioneer Southwest.

D-98 THE TREES *By Conrad Richter*
Life in the Alleghenies toward the close of the 18th century.

D-99 THE NIGHT OF THE SUMMER SOLSTICE *Edited by Mark Van Doren*
Vivid, gripping stories of the war in Russia by the men and women who fought in it.

D-100 VALLEY OF THE SUN *By Clarence Budington Kelland*
Adventure in the New Mexico Indian country.

D-101 EVIDENCE OF THINGS SEEN *By Elizabeth Daly*
A sunbonnet, a purple dress and a ghost bring death and terror to a peaceful country cottage.

D-102 JAVA HEAD *By Joseph Hergesheimer*
Exotic historical tale of Salem, Mass., in the days of the clipper ships.

D-103 MYSTERY SHIP *By George S. Bryan*
Mr. Bryan tries to solve the mystery of the brigantine *Mary Celeste*.

D-104 BURMA SURGEON *By Gordon S. Seagrave*
Experiences of a medical missionary in the Far East.

D-105 ON BEING A REAL PERSON *By Harry Emerson Fosdick*
A famous preacher tries to help you attain a better understanding of yourself and your fellow men.

D-106 RATS, LICE, AND HISTORY *By Hans Zinsser*
The history of typhus, told in a fascinating manner.

D-107 R.F.D. *By Charles Allen Smart*
A couple of "apprentice farmers" from the East learn about farming the hard way.

D-108 McSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON *By Joseph Mitchell*
Collection of humorous short stories from the *New Yorker* magazine.

D-109 COUNTRY LAWYER *By Bellamy Partridge*
The life of a country lawyer in a small New York town.

D-110 THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN *By Mark Twain*
As fresh and vivid as they were 50 years ago.

D-111 BLANCHE FURY *By Joseph Shearing*
A brooding, gripping mystery of England a century ago.

D-112 CROSS CREEK *By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*
Life in a remote Florida village by the author of "The Yearling."

D-113 THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM *By A. J. Cronin*
Story of a Catholic missionary priest.

D-114 WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY *By John T. Whitaker*
An American newspaperman tells about European politics before this war.

D-115 SLIM *By William Wister Haines*
Life and adventures of a telephone linesman.

D-116 THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1942 *Edited by Martha Foley*
Including stories by Pfc. William Saroyan and Pfc. Irwin Shaw.

D-117 A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN *By Betty Smith*
Current best seller about a childhood in Brooklyn.

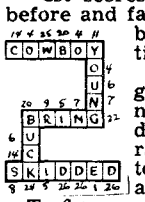
D-118 THE ROBE *By Lloyd C. Douglas*
A religious historical novel centered about the robe of Christ.

D-119 RIVERS OF GLORY *By F. van Wyck Mason*
Novel of the days of the Revolution, full of "guns, guts, gore, gals, glamor and gusto."

D-120 SO LITTLE TIME *By John P. Marquand*
Ironical commentary on the American scene between the two world wars.

TEE-TOTAL

PUZZLE Kits will go to GIs (that includes Navy, Marines, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you've tried before and failed to win a prize, just remember you've got a lot of competition, and try again.



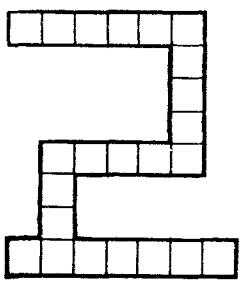
Fill in this diagram with five good English words. Don't use names of persons or places and don't comb the dictionary for rare words. Tee-Totals are meant to test your ingenuity, not your ability to read Webster's.

To figure your score, add the number values of the *twenty-three* letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the table below. The trick is to use ordinary words containing a lot of letters of high value. *In scoring, count each of the 23 letters in your diagram only once.*

Example above scores 294. Can you beat it?

LETTER VALUES

A	3	N	7
B	20	O	4
C	14	P	18
D	26	Q	15
E	1	R	9
F	19	S	8
G	22	T	2
H	10	U	6
I	5	V	23
J	13	W	25
K	24	X	12
L	16	Y	11
M	17	Z	21



Score.....Submitted by:

.....

.....

.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page of the March 31 issue.

Blockbuster Game

THE object in this game is to see how many little words you can bust out of this big one:

DUSSELDORF

Words must be three letters or more. No plurals. No letter may be used in one word more often than it appears in *Dusseldorf*. No two forms of the same word. No names of persons or places. Par: 60 words.

Or dig up the right kind of competition and fight it out to see who can get the most words in half an hour.

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SONNET TO LAURA

When I am dead (each soldier sometime savors
His obit from the view of the bereaved)
I'll be one of those popular cadavers
Of which the people hear with smiles relieved.
As though to say, "Well, now at last he's quiet.
I knew him when he was possessed somehow:
If any mischief brewed, he had to try it
Just once too often! Hmph! Where is he now?"
Whatever ill they say—it will be ample,
All based upon some glaring fault of mine—
I fear they'll miss my single good example
Of long, sincere devotion at your shrine.
But if they do, it will be nothing new:
The first one to forget it, love, was you.

AAF, Ardmore, Okla. —S/Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

LINES TO A BRASSIERE

A bit of pink, a scrap of lace.
A strap to fasten it in place.
You wreath of femininity.
Taunting my integrity.

Behold! It waves and flaunts its grace.
Before my eyes and eager face—
Swaying, laughing mockingly.
Alluring in its symmetry.

What wonders might its flounces hold,
Gather, shape and firmly mold.
Such selfish sensuality!
Entwining all—and none for me.

A scrap of lace! My heart decries,
What time and space between us lies.
Yet I remain—but hopefully
Thinking, dreaming, wishfully.

Williamsburg, Va. —FRANK FREDERICK SK2c

I've Seen Worse

THE wind whistled around the corner, swirling bits of old newspaper in the air. The soldier leaned against a telephone pole and stared bleakly down the empty street. Every few seconds he would take a drag on a cigarette.

He was still leaning against the pole when another soldier came up to him. "Got a light, Mac?" asked the newcomer.

"Sure."

"Thanks."

"Ain't this a lousy town though?"

"Oh, it ain't so bad. I've seen worse?"

"Yeah? Where?"

"I was stuck at Dripping Willow for eight months. There's a hole for you!"

"You didn't eat a pound of dirt every time you opened your mouth, like you do here."

"The hell you didn't. Boy, they sure named it right. Dripping Willow."

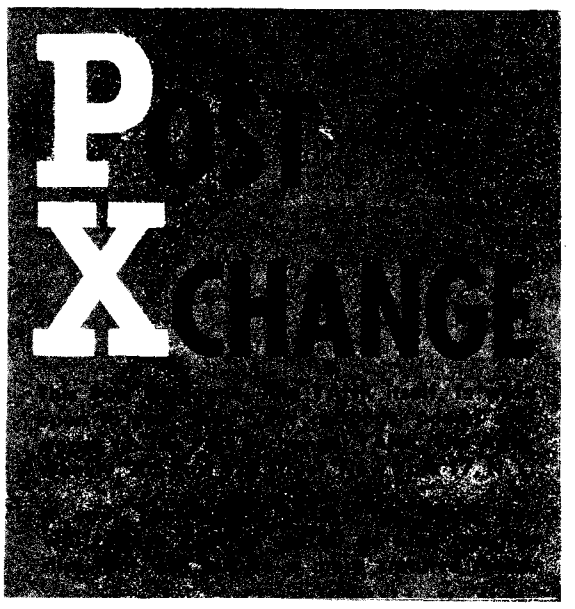
The two soldiers glared at each other.

"Where you from, meatball?" asked the newcomer.

"Dripping Willow," spat the leaner. "Where you from, eight ball?"

"Here."

ASTU, Stanford U, Calif. —Cpl. MARVIN GRASSE

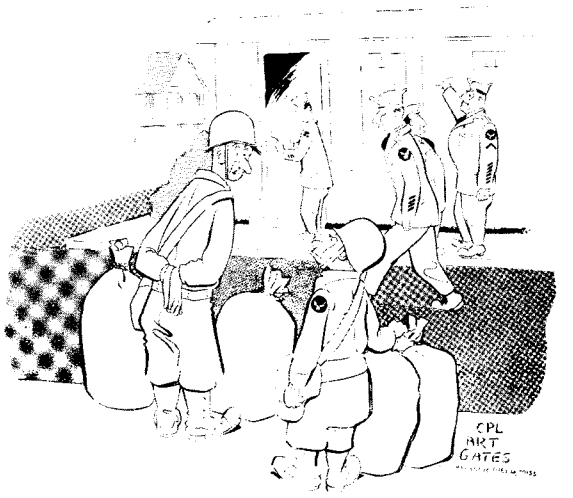


CONFESSION

From my day of birth I've blotted out mirth,
Plagued minds that were at ease;
I'm approached with fear, and as men draw near
There's trembling in their knees.

I bring scowl and frown, cursing up and down.
I'm the devil's own, oh Lord!
For GIs through me learn they're on KP—
I am a bulletin board.

AAF, Greenville, S. C. —Sgt. BENTON BERMAN



"Offhand, I'd say ratings come slow at this post."
—Cpl. Art Gates, Keesler Field, Miss.

I Shoulda Ate Alone

So you finally got here. Well, it's about time. Keeping me waiting in a restaurant since 6 o'clock. What's the excuse this time? You had to get a gun from ordnance? Well, Lucy's husband is a sergeant, too, and it's funny he comes home every night at half past 5.

Hungry? I'm starved. I shoulda ate alone but I always wait for you like a sap. What am I doing in this terrible town anyway if you can't even eat *one* meal with me?

What happened? Well, the place got kinda crowded, and a captain and his wife wanted to know could they sit here, so I said why of course sit right down. I figgered as long as his wife was along I wouldn't get into a funny situation with a soldier like you're always growling about.

Steak; I want a decent meal for a change. No, I don't care one hoot about the bank account. I always have to pinch pennies. You're 10 times smarter than Janie's boy friend. Why can't you be a lieutenant?

Shhh! Darling, please don't make a scene. This is the only decent place in town. Awright, awright; that's enough; I'm sorry. I think you're wonderful anyway. Love me?

Mmmm. This soup is good. The captain? Oh. Well, I know you never try to push yourself ahead, you dildock, so when we got to talking I tried to put in a good word for you. I figgered you never can tell who a captain is. I was only thinking about you, dear, and nothing woulda happened if you hadn't left me alone like that.

I told him what a good sergeant you was, always taking care of the men and lettin' 'em go to town all the time and everything. And how they like you, and——

Why are you stopping eating, darling? What else did I say? Well, I told him how you never made the men walk too fast on a hike and always gave them plenty of time to rest their feet an' all. Then the captain said sometimes the men have to walk fast, and I said my husband says the time to walk fast is to chow, and they laughed. His wife was the prettiest thing and so nice, asking me did I have trouble finding a room and all. They live at the Town Hotel and pay $25 a week and have to furnish their own sheets.

Huh? Oh, I said you were really the smartest man in your company and how mad you got when things went wrong at camp and if they'd only listen to you everything would be okay.

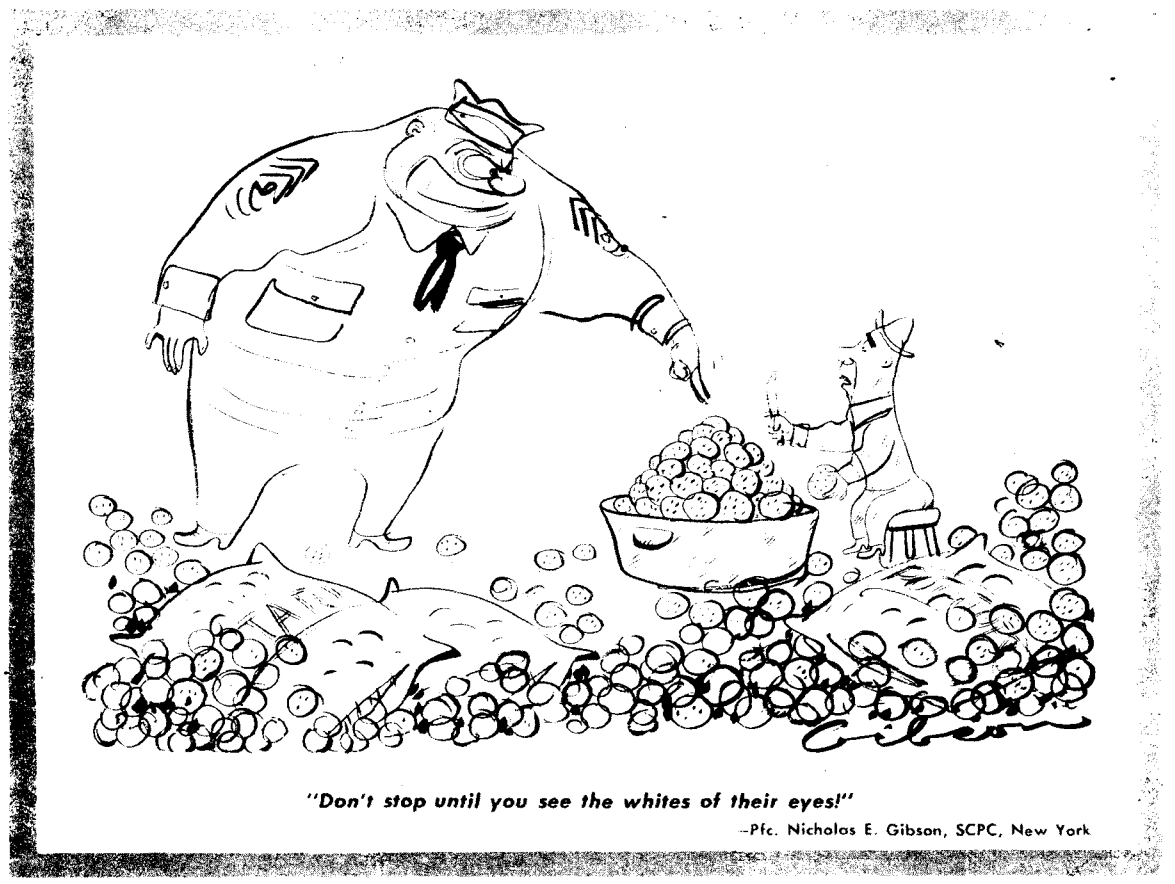
By now they were putting their coats on, and I thought maybe he could get you a good desk job on the post where you could come home every night like Sally's husband.

So I asked the captain couldn't he use a good sergeant like you in his company, because, I said, my husband says that if there ever was an awful jerk it's his company commander.

What's your husband's name, the captain asked me. Sgt. Willie O. Smithley, I said. Is that so? said he. Sometimes I find out interesting things about my men in restaurants. I'm his company commander. So right away I said——

Darling, what are you standing there like that for? What did I do?

Camp Pickett, Va. —Pvt. SEYMOUR BLAU



"Don't stop until you see the whites of their eyes!"
—Pfc. Nicholas E. Gibson, SCPC, New York

NEWS ITEM

"—and if a single bomb falls on Berlin, you can call me Meyer."
—*Hermann Goering, in a speech to the German people.*

Hermann, Hermann,
Berlin is burnin'.
You big fat liar,
Your name is Meyer.

Fort Hamilton, N. Y. —T-4 IRVING ROCKMORE

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SPORTS: FRANKIE FRISCH LOST HIS NERVE IN ALASKA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

SUPPOSE you were sweating out the war in Alaska and Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals popped this question at you: "Who was the first playing manager, in his first year as manager, who led his team to the National League pennant and a world series victory?"

Chances are you would look right at the manager in question and then muff the question completely. That's exactly what happened to one fog-bound GI at an outpost in the Aleutians when Musial, Danny Litwhiler, Frankie Frisch, Hank Borowy and Dixie Walker were giving a show up there recently.

"This boy looked at Frisch," Musial said, "and didn't realize he was the manager. At that, I guess it was kinda confusing with Frisch standing right there as big as life."

During their six-week tour of Alaska and the Aleutians the ball players asked a lot of questions like these, and for every one a GI answered right, he got an autographed baseball. "And don't think they were easy, either," Musial said. "Take Hank Borowy's favorite, for example: What three American Leaguers hit the most home runs in one season? The boys usually took their time figuring that one out, but they'd get it finally."

In case you are taking too much time, and not getting it, we'll tell you who they were: Hank Greenberg, Jimmy Foxx and Babe Ruth.

"Dixie Walker always asked our $64 question," Musial continued. "It's tricky. It goes like this: A runner on first base was hit by a batted ball while going to second and was called out. In the next inning, the same runner was on first base again and was hit again by a batted ball while going to second. This time he was called safe. *Why?*

"The catch is this: The first time the infield was playing deep and the runner ran in front of the infielders. According to the rule book, the runner is out if the infielders don't get a chance to field the ball. The second time, of course, the infield was playing in close and the runner ran behind them and therefore he was safe because the infielders had the opportunity to field the ball."

Don't get the idea that the major leaguers spent most of their time conducting baseball quiz shows. They answered plenty of questions themselves, too. In fact, four times a day, seven days a week, they did nothing but answer questions, run off world series movies and autograph baseballs. And still the guys clamored for more. There were many nights when the five ball players came back to their huts so hoarse that they didn't even bother to tell each other good night.

The way Musial figures it, almost every GI in Alaska had his dough on the Cardinals in the series. "Everywhere we went," Musial said, "the first question the fellows asked me was: 'How did the Cardinals happen to lose to the Yankees?' I told them the Yankees deserved to win because they played better ball and had better pitching. Borowy always got a big kick out of that, especially the part about the pitching. He's a Yankee, you know, and he pitched in the series, too.

"Hank, by the way, was the only American Leaguer in our party, and he came in for plenty of kidding from Frisch and Walker. But in the long run I guess he did all right. Don't forget he was on the winning side last year. Frisch and Walker were always bragging about the National League, telling the soldiers about their fights with umpires and crazy baseball games. But Hank would usually sum it up this way: 'If you want to see a circus, you go to the National League, but but if you want to see a baseball game, you go to the American League.' "

Probably the best story of the trip concerns Frisch and a huge Eskimo, who must have weighed 250 pounds even without all of his furs. "I know the National League umpires will never believe it," Musial said, "but this was one time that Frisch really lost his nerve. One night we were giving a show before a few soldiers and a big group of Eskimos. Frisch was on the soap box telling some funny stories. The Eskimos just sat there silently without even cracking a smile. There was one big Eskimo in particular who kept whetting his knife with his thumb and looking at Frisch without batting an eyelash. Frisch couldn't take his eye off this Eskimo either. It finally got Frisch. He stopped talking altogether. He didn't think the Eskimos understood English, much less baseball.

"Frisch pointed to this hard-looking Eskimo and said: 'Hey, you. Do you know what I'm talking about? You know baseball?'

"The Eskimo smiled a little and went on rubbing the blade of his knife. Then he said: 'Sure me know baseball. Me catcher.'

"That threw Frisch. He turned to Dixie Walker and said: 'Hey, Dixie, do you want to take over?' Before Walker could say a word, this same Eskimo pointed his knife at him and said: 'Me want to go back to Brooklyn with you.'

"We got out of there. Quick."

Musial and Litwhiler in the chow line.

Frisch signs this short-snorter for an engineer.→

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

BACK FROM CHINA, Lt. Tom Harmon told a press conference in Washington the only reason Japanese pilots didn't shoot him when he parachuted from his burning P-38 was that he "played dead."

IF the War Department is willing, a Canadian sportsman named **Frank Burns** will underwrite a title fight between **Sgt. Joe Louis** and **Sgt. Freddie Mills** of the RAF in Edmonton, Alberta, on Dominion Day next July 1. . . . According to **Branch Rickey,** something has come up to make **Leo Durocher's** overseas trip to the CBI with **Danny Kaye** appear very doubtful. Rickey wouldn't say what was hanging fire. . . . Fort Sheridan, Ill., jumps into big-time football next season with Great Lakes as an opener on Sept. 9. . . . YANK correspondents have counted more than 90 basketball teams on Attu. . . . **Capt. Forrest Evashevski,** Tom Harmon's blocking back at Michigan, is a supply officer somewhere in Australia. . . . The Navy medics must have eased up their physical requirements when they looked into **Schoolboy Rowe's** mouth and then passed him. He hasn't a tooth in his head that he didn't buy. . . . **Capt. Frank X. Reagan,** the All-American from Penn and ex-football Giant, is CO of a fleet Marine detachment on a battleship. . . . **Pvt. Mel Allen,** the CBS sports announcer, is conducting a nightly sports program from the Infantry School at Fort Benning over station WRBL, Columbus, Ga. . . . **Capt. Dave Rankin,** Purdue's 1940 All-American end, now a Marine fighter pilot in the South Pacific, has two Mitsubishi twin-engined bombers and two dive bombers to his credit.

Inducted: **Ernie White,** St. Louis Cardinal southpaw ace, into the Army; **Fritzie Zivic,** former welterweight champion, into the Navy; **Norman Brown,** righthander of the Philadelphia A's, into the Army; **Johnny McCarthy,** Boston Brave first baseman, into the Navy; **Marty Marion,** star shortstop of the Cardinals, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Ace Adams,** relief hurler of the Giants, because of knee injury; **Pinky Woods,** Boston Red Sox pitcher, because he is minus a big toe. . . . *Transferred:* **CPO Ken Overlin,** ex-middleweight champ, from Hawaii to Treasure Island, Calif.; **Jim White S2c,** All-American tackle on Notre Dame's national championship football team last fall, from the campus Naval-training program to Great Lakes; **Maj. Billy Southworth Jr.,** son of the St. Louis Cardinal manager and winner of five decorations as a Fortress pilot, from the Eighth Air Force to Santa Monica, Calif., for reassignment. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Charley Trippi,** Georgia's 1942 Rose Bowl star, to buck sergeant at Basic Training Center No. 10, Greensboro, N. C.; **Ensign Joe Maniaci,** coach of the recent powerful Bainbridge Naval Station football team, to lieutenant junior grade. . . . *Commissioned:* **"Gentleman Jim" Yeager,** head football coach at the University of Colorado, as lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. **Rollie Brown,** track coach at Brown University, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . *Killed in action:* **Maj. John Hurley,** former Washington State College football star and coach, on the Italian front; **Rudolf Harbig,** the great German middle-distance runner, on the Russian front.

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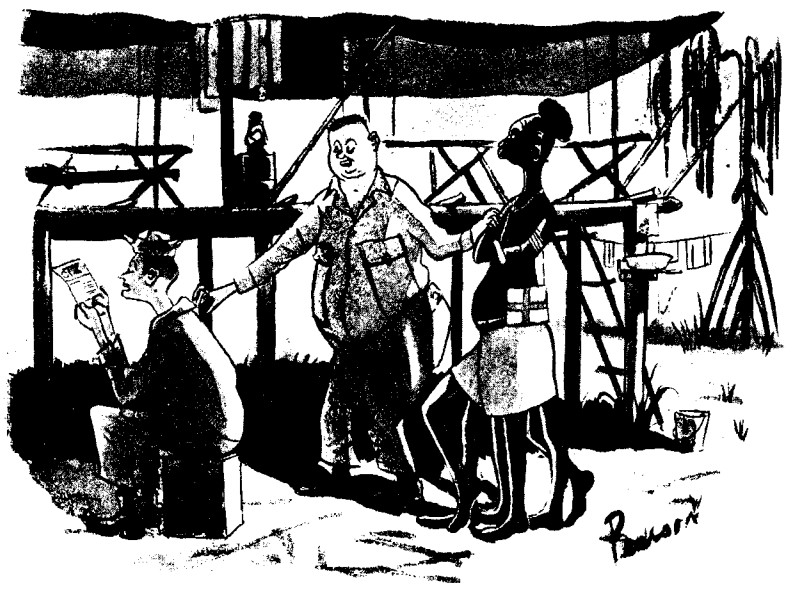
"THE CORPORAL HAS QUITE A VIVID IMAGINATION."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"AND JUST WHAT IS SO FANTASTIC ABOUT A SIX-FOOT NATIVE?"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

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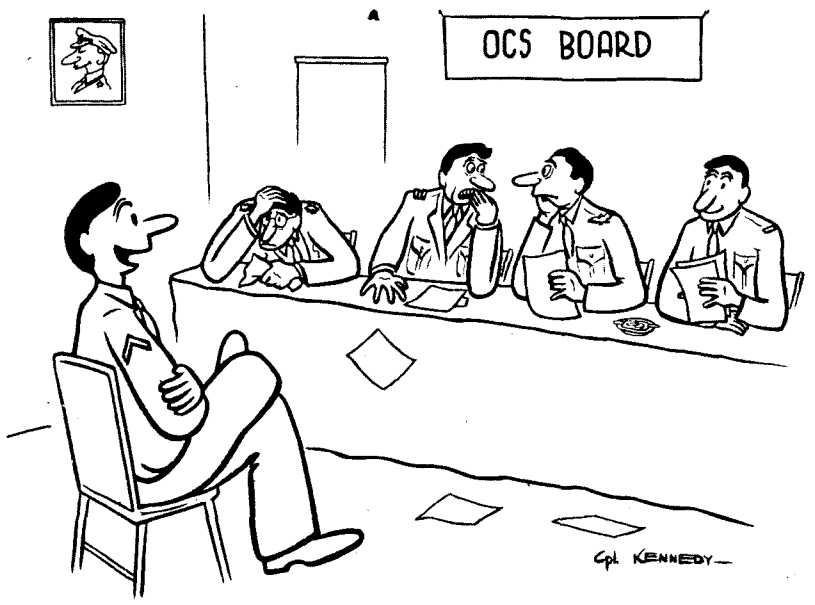
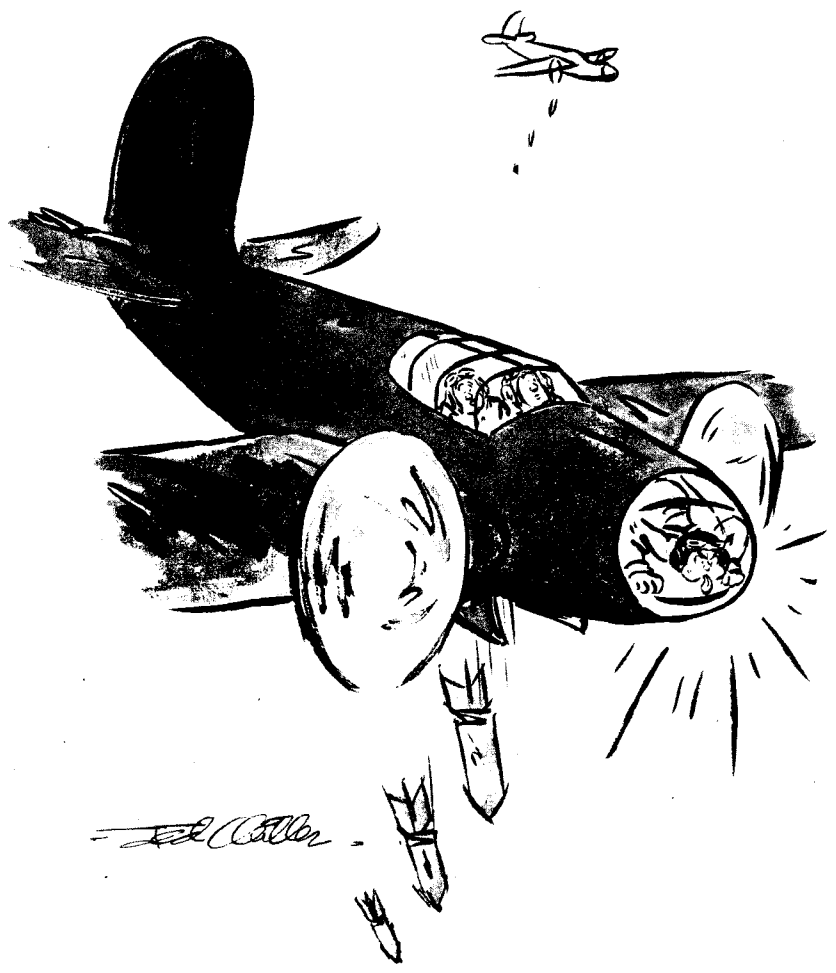


"FRANKLY, FELLOWS, I NEED THE EXTRA DOUGH."
—Cpl. Hugh Kennedy



"MORENELLI REALLY PUTS HIS HEART INTO IT, DOESN'T HE?"
—T/Sgt. Ted Miller

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